As It Seemed To Me.

R. C. Reed

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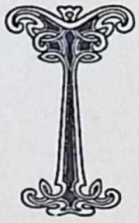
As It Seemed to Me

Ten Weeks Travel in Europe



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Prefatory

These letters appeared in the Presbyterian Standard as Editorial Correspondence. They are published again for the sake of two classes, those who have read them, and those who have not; the one may wish to read them again, and the other may wish to make good their loss. The Author had in mind two other classes, those who have been abroad, and those who have not; the one may wish to refresh their memories, the other may care to inform their minds. Should the writer's modest aim to serve these various classes meet with any considerable success, he will be gratified.

Located 20 Sept. 1974

Crossing Over

ON the 28th of May, 1910, the S. S. Merino, of 11,631 tons burden, weighed anchor in the port of Philadelphia and glided smoothly and gracefully down the Delaware River—take note, the Delaware, not the Susquehannah, as one of the D.D.'s thought. There are some choice spirits aboard, as for example, Rev. J. M. Wells, D.D., and son, of Wilmington, N. C.; Professor McLean and Miss Lulu McKinney, of Decatur, Ga.; Dr. M. McH. Hull and family, of Atlanta, Ga.; Charles A. Rowland and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ostrom, Athens, Ga.; Prof. A. C. Moore and wife, Columbia, S. C.; Mr. William T. Ellis and family, Philadelphia. Mr. Ellis is well known to the readers of the Standard as the brilliant correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, and the able and zealous champion of Missions and Missionaries. He served somewhat in the capacity of chaperon of our party, and he and his noble wife endeared themselves very much to every one by their affability of disposition and charm of manner.

Children of all sorts and sizes are quite numerous. One little boy has been furnishing proof of the doctrine of native depravity, with strong suggestions that the same is total as well as native. The Wilmington pastor promises to look after him, in the absence of the she bears, and to treat him as the sailors treated Jonah. It is to be hoped that this drastic method will not be found necessary. I never quite approved of the performance of the she bears, and prefer to think that they took a mean advantage of their opportunitly, and went far beyond the prophet's wishes.

If our good ship escapes all entanglements with icebergs, it is expected to make Liverpool on Wednesday, the 8th of June. In this day of rapid transit a voyage of twelve days between Philadelphia and Liverpool seems an anachronism. It is somewhat in advance of the time when it took "six long wakes in the month of August to come from swate Ireland to America." The cost is in inverse ratio to the time; and hence it is that those of us who have more time than money prefer the slower vessel.

With vessels sailing from Philadelphia, the ocean voyage begins at Cape Henlopen. Leaving that point on Saturday night,

our first day out was Sunday, a beautiful day, with bright skies, gentle breezes and calm seas.

Our dining room accommodates only half the passengers at one sitting, hence a first and second table. It sticks in my memory how in early childhood, I rebelled against waiting for the second table. Since having a home of my own, I have constantly enjoyed the privilege of the first table. Yet with this history behind me, I resolved to resist selfishness and yield first place to others. I was greatly aided in forming this resolution by learning that breakfast began at 7:30. I find that without a murmur I can lie in my berth, and hear the bugle calling half our fellow passengers to their early morning meal. Thus it appears that virtue is its own reward.

As the last course, buckwheat cakes and syrup, was being served on Sunday morning, a small boy bounced into the dining room and invited everybody on deck to see a whale spouting. Immediately I ceased to Fletcherize and hurried to a finish. Going above, I saw in the distance an occasional splashing of the water as if a big fish were disporting himself, and was told that this was the spouting of a whale. It was a sorry performance as compared with that of the whale whose acquaintance I formed in my boyhood days, when studying Smith's Geography. I remember distinctly how that whale exposed about half an acre of his back and then sent up from the top of his head a steady stream of water some twenty or thirty feet high, which separated into spray, curved beautifully and fell in a plenteous shower. It was equal to the very best fountains playing in our city parks. Moreover the whale of my early acquaintance did not spout only occasionally, with long intermissions, but carried on a continuous performance, so that whenever you chose to look you could see the same interesting exhibition. Obviously neither whales nor comets are what they were before the war. If Mr. Halley could come back he would be mortified to see how poorly his celestial namesake is meeting public expectation.

At 10:30 we assembled in the dining room for worship. A young Episcopal minister stood up to read. He went through enough of the regulation service to put an Episcopal face on our devotions, and then introduced as the preacher Rev. David A. Murray, D.D., a Presbyterian Missionary from Japan. Dr. Murray's looks, voice and manner gave promise of a good sermon.

The promise was redeemed in some measure. The theme was the Incarnation, and was handled in an unusual manner. Dr. Murray emphasized the view that in the mind of God, the chief idea seemed to be not so much to set forth the divinity as the humanity of Christ, not so much to show how the divine would act in conjunction with man, as how man would act in conjunction with the divine. In the Synoptic gospels especially the history of Christ is the history of a man. Even his miracles are a testimony to his humanity, rather than to his divinity. The Father, with his infinite wisdom comprehending all things in one view, and all eternity in one ever present consciousness, is content to let things proceed in unbroken order. But the incarnate son, with a limited human intelligence, gave way to the movings of pity and sympathy, and put his power at the service of his suffering fellowman. The idea is that we owe the miracles rather to the human tenderness and compassion than to the divine power and wisdom of Christ. Such views seem perillously near an inadmissible Kenosis, but in connection with them, Dr. Murray gave us some fresh and helpful lessons.

In the afternoon there was a service on the quarter deck for the third-class passengers. It being supposed that I had a third-class sermon, suitable for such an audience, I was asked to take this service. While waiting for the hour appointed, I heard singing, and on going to investigate, found the service already in progress. The same young Episcopal preacher again stood up to read and this time undertook to do the preaching. His sermon was not above criticism, as an exposition of Scripture; but the spirit of it was good, and it seemed tending to a good, practical conclusion, when suddenly it was cut short by the utter failure of the preacher's voice—so much for usurping my place. I may add, however, that on the second Sunday out, I had the opportunity of preaching my third-class sermon to the third-class passengers, and was assisted in the service by this same Episcopal preacher. It turned out on better acquaintance that he was a charming young man, tender and devout in spirit, amply good enough to be a Presbyterian preacher, had he so desired. It seems to be a law of vessels flying the British flag to have a Church of England service at 10:30 every Sunday morning. The Captain is responsible for this service and conducts it in person if there is no Episcopal clergyman aboard. As there is only this one Episcopal clergyman in our list of passengers, it is nothing to

his discredit that he is to the front in every service—it is not of his seeking.

"It hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." We are all too much disposed to listen to them of old time. We are ready to love and trust those of our own ilk, and are prone to be suspicious and offish toward our enemies, whether personal, political or ecclesiastical. The more we are thrown into intimate companionship with our fellows the more we find it true that "He hath fashioned our hearts alike." A large majority of our ship's company are Protestants, and of these the majority are Presbyterians, some of them loyal followers of Richard Cameron. But there is a young Irish Catholic Priest who has won his way into the good graces of us all. He has such an earnest, hearty way of doing whatever he undertakes, whether in the sphere of play or of piety, as to awaken general admiration. For example, he holds a service on Sabbath morning in the reading room for his fellow Catholics. On last Sabbath morning, when taking a collection for the "Seaman's Charities," he said, "Now we must beat the Protestants this morning, and I will set the example by giving a dollar." Then he stationed himself at the door to receive their contributions as they came out. One lusty fellow offered him a dollar, and he said, "No, Jack, I won't take that from you; it is five dollars or nothing." Whereupon Jack fished down in his pocket and handed out the five dollars. When the contributions were counted it was found that the Catholics had beaten the Protestants, though neither so numerous nor so well to do.

For the most part we have had beautiful weather and smooth sailing. Tuesday, the 31st, there was what the sailors called a fresh gale. It increased in intensity from early morning till the middle of the afternoon, by which time it was throwing the sea into terrible convulsions. The angry waters seemed disposed to provoke a quarrel with our ship. Sometimes two or three huge waves would combine and hurl themselves against the vessel's side, and when repulsed they would break into foam and send blinding showers of spray across the saloon deck, some thirty feet above the level of the ocean.

This disturbed condition of the waters was answered by a disturbed condition of the passengers. "It is strange how one thing will bring up another," as the man said who swallowed a

dose of ipecac. There were many vacant chairs at the breakfast table, and still more at the mid-day meal. Some came and seated themselves, and then suddenly changed their minds, being moved by an inward suggestion. My neighbor on the left, the Associate Editor of the Christian Observer, looked over the bill of fare, and told the waiter to bring him nothing but coffee. When the coffee was brought, he picked up the spoon, laid it down again and retired with a quiet and solemn dignity. Something was calling him to a wider breathing space where he could look with unveiled face into the appealing billows.

Soon the little flurry was over and all on board were able to wear their most becoming smiles. As the company got better acquainted from day to day, the merriment increased, and culminated in a field day of sports. The events were many and the contests exciting. The first was a "potato race," and the last was "official races." The last was a relay race between eight preachers and an equal number of college professors. It is painful to relate that the professors beat, but they beat only by a neck. This sad record would not have to be made had not the Wilmington pastor—one of the prime favorites—disqualified himself by an untimely fall. Our best sprinter was the young Catholic Priest, and he was a clipper. He has evidently kept himself in practice by running after the sheep that St. Patrick can no longer guard against the depredations of Protestant wolves. The fun afforded by the field sports was enough to fill the whole ship. It flowed all around the deck, fore and aft, "upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber," took hold of the captain, the stewards, the passengers, and turned the whole vessel into a perfect Bedlam of boisterous hilarity.

For those of us who are to disembark at Queenstown, this is the last day of the voyage. While the journey has been one of unalloyed pleasure, yet there is a general willingness to reach the end. Man is a land animal, and when he shows a love for the sea, it is an unnatural sentiment, like that reported of some prisoners who, by long association, have become attached to their dungeons.

The cosmopolitan character of our company was disclosed by a concert held last night in the dining room. There were songs in eight widely different languages—English, French, German, Irish, Chinese, Japanese, Syrian and Hindustani. The world is fast coming to be one compact neighborhood.

A Glimpse of Ireland

WITH the fog horn wailing out its dismal, mounrful note every minute, we felt our way into the harbor of Queenstown through a darkness that might be felt. Then the custom officers felt their way through our baggage. They did not exercise half the care that our ship exercised in getting through the fog. They were hunting only for whiskey and tobaccos, and being forewarned, the passengers had tucked the remnants of these away in their pockets. The custom officers trust much to an honest face, and an unsophisticated manner. It does not require much discernment to size up the average American tourist, especially on his first trip—his innocence is transparent.

A short run from Queenstown to Cork, where we caught the 8:30 train for Killarney. The only object of interest that caught our attention in Cork was a statue of Father Mathew, the famous Apostle of Temperance, "Erected by a Grateful People." Father Mathew did not begin this good work; it was begun in 1829 by Rev. John Edgar, D.D., who inaugurated the movement by opening his parlor window and emptying out the remains of a gallon of whiskey which he had bought for home consumption. But Father Mathew brought to the work the gifts of great enthusiasm and marvelous eloquence. In the course of a few months, he administered the pledge to 150,000 in Cork alone. He died in 1856; and judging from the bill-boards advertising all the best brands, and from the numerous bar-rooms, the "Grateful People" who erected his statue must have died also. The present generation can only be grateful that he is out of the way.

The only drawback about going to Killarney is the probability of a bad day. It rains so much in Ireland that you feel sure it is going to rain the very day of all others when you wish it to be fair. I was especially fearful because of the dense fog of the morning. Our apprehensions were groundless. The mists rolled away and we had an ideal day for looking on a spot whose loveliness draws tourists from all points of the compass and repays them amply for all their time and trouble. The Framer of our world has been lavish of beauty and he may have been more gen-

erous to some other spot than to the Lakes of Killarney, but I must be permitted to doubt it. I had seen Lake George, embosomed in the Adirondacks, and had thought that with its clear waters shimmering under bright skies, and gemmed with lovely little islands, it could not be surpassed. But its simple glories pale before the mingled beauty and grandeur, the romantic legends and poetic associations which give every conceivable charm to this truly wonderful picture.

"Angels often pausing there
Doubt if Eden were more fair."

Leaving the Blarney Stone unkissed, I hurried from Killarney to the other end of the Island, to look upon a bit of scenery by no means so beautiful, but even more out of the ordinary—the Giant's Causeway. The guide book prepares you to expect disappointment, assuring you at the same time that the remarkable formation will grow upon you as you study it. So it does. You have all seen pictures of the Giant's Causeway, and these pictures are true to life. But until you look upon the reality you can form no conception of how unreal and impossible it seems. The more you look on it, the more you feel that the blind forces of nature could not have built up these smooth, symmetrical polygons of stone into this perfect imitation of a colossal honeycomb. And the more you look on it, the more you feel that no forces less powerful than nature's could have done it. The result is the conviction that the less said the better. The only appropriate thing to do is to look on in silent amazement.

Apart from the Giant's Causeway, the broken, ragged, north end of Ireland is well worth looking at. It is the wildest, most torn and tattered piece of coast I have ever seen. Great cliffs with frowning brows rise sheer out of the sea to the height of several hundred feet, and the savage ocean has been flinging her waves against them for centuries, cutting them into irregular shapes and hollowing out vast caverns. Into two of these caves we were rowed by hired boatmen, and the feeling of awe as the huge waves would lift our little boat and sweep on into the distant darkness and break with resounding echoes against the narrowing sides, will be remembered. As we looked upon this forbidding headland it added interest to recall that it was here in 1558, the storm overtook the ill-fated Armada, beat many of the vessels into kindling wood, and left the corpses of hundreds of

seamen and soldiers scattered along the coast. That was the end of Spain's vain dream of conquering England, and marked the beginning of that national decline which has not yet ceased.

At Belfast I found the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in session. There was opportunity to attend only one meeting, that of Saturday morning. Many of the ministers had gone home to fill their pulpits on Sunday. It was understood that no business of importance would be dispatched while the Assembly was thus depleted. It was our good fortune, however, to have a taste of the way our Irish brethren do things. They are as disputatious as our Southern Assembly, and season their debates with a good deal of ginger and Irish wit. The Moderator seldom puts a question to the vote. He asks shall the question pass, and the members call out, "pass, pass," and the Moderator declares it passed. Frequently the members cry down a speaker, when they have heard enough, by shouting, "pass! pass!" The speaker, unable to proceed, has nothing left but to take his seat. It is hard on the speaker, but perhaps it is better that one member suffer than that all the members suffer with him.

A memorial came before the Assembly from the Synod of Dublin, asking a deliverance on the subject of Christian unity. It was advocated on the ground that the Episcopal Church had extended the hand of fraternity, and thus laid an obligation on the Presbyterian Church to extend a reciprocating hand. A resolution was offered expressing a desire for closer relations, and for cordial co-operation among the churches. The resolution was adopted, but not before it was made perfectly plain that so long as the "Historic Episcopate" was retained as one of the planks in the platform of union proposed by the Episcopal Church, the desire for unity and co-operation was not to be construed as having any bearing whatever on the question of organic union.

I was surprised and distressed to learn how poorly some of the ministers of this church are paid. In the report of the "Mission for Weak Congregations," it was stated that an effort would be made to bring the salaries of those dependent on this fund up to one hundred and thirty pounds ($650); whereupon one of the beneficiaries of the fund expressed great gratification, and said if that could be done, he and others of his class would feel like millionaries, and would be able to buy books and enjoy the luxury of study. This seems strange in view of the fact that the Pres-

byterian Church of Ireland has an endowment which yields an annual interest of fifty thousand pounds ($250,000), sufficient in itself to give each of the 650 ministers nearly $400.

The Assembly has a permanent committee on the "Union of Congregations." The chairman of this committee said that in a certain tract of country six miles long by four wide, there were eight Presbyterian churches. This was given as an illustration of the superfluity of churches and the need of uniting congregations. Constant migration from the country to the cities, and to foreign lands has so weakened these churches that the support of pastors is difficult. While the committee meets with some success in its efforts to unite congregations, it also meets with angry opposition—thus showing that in Ireland as elsewhere, "Presbyterians are God's silly children."

At 1:00 o'clock on Saturday, the Assembly gave way to a meeting of the "Women's Association for Foreign Missions." The Moderator of the Assembly presided, and the members of the Assembly kept their seats. Two ladies spoke, and their speeches were liberally applauded. With all their conservatism, the Irish Presbyterians are leaving us far behind in the freedom given to the good women. They have simply pulled the halter off and turned them loose. The question is, how far have they left the Apostle Paul behind, who suffered not a woman to speak in the Church? I have not time to answer this question.

Just after returning from the Assembly, I heard a terrific beating of drums, and blowing of fifes and bagpipes. Looking out of the window, I saw a great procession of Orange men. They were divided into many companies, each company with its drums and fifes, and bearing a banner. These banners had printed on them scenes from the seige of Derry, and the battle of the Boyne, and one of them had on it a picture of "Cromwell in Ireland." The whole pageantry was arranged to taunt the Catholics, and who could blame them for getting mad? While my sympathies politically and religiously are with the Orange men, this strikes me as a piece of gratuitious folly, to characterize it by no stronger term. It is keeping open wounds that were made more than two hundred years ago. Ever since the sixteenth century Ireland has been ruled by a government hostile to the religion of three-fourths of its people. This government took away from the natives the best of the land and gave it to the Protestants, and by oppressive

laws burned into the hearts of the natives a hatred that could not but be lasting. While the laws have been amended from time to time in the interests of justice, little effort has been made to mitigate the religious animosity. On the contrary the fires of hatred are fanned afresh in every political campaign, and in every meeting of a church court. In this very General Assembly, political questions have been discussed, in which the old religious hatreds have been warmed over. How are these Protestants and Catholics ever to live together in peace, if fresh provocation is to be given as often as opportunity offers, or a pretext can be found? The only possibility of peace is to separate politics from religion, to bury the Orange and the Green, and to recognize the fact that men with different religious views may have the same views of citizenship and be equally loyal to the government.

Belfast is a pleasant place to spend Sunday, as it gives a wide range in the selection of a place for worship. There are sixty Presbyterian churches in the city and a Presbyterian population of one hundred and twenty thousand. In the morning I went to Elmwood to hear Rev. David Purves, D.D. His church building is the finest in the city and he is one of the best preachers. In the evening we heard Dr. McCaughan, whom we met some years ago when he was pastor of the Third Church, Chicago. He is the most popular preacher of the city, his house being crowded morning and evening.

Belfast is a thriving commercial city, having much of the hustle and hurry of the cities of the Western world. It has many costly and substantial public buildings, several beautiful parks, and its streets are thronged with a prosperous looking people. In its docks there is now building the largest steamship in the world, the Olympic, its displacement being more than 44,000 tons.

From Belfast to Edinburg

A SWIFT steamer carries you in eighty minutes from Port Lorne, in the North of Ireland, to Stranrear, in Scotland. From there it is a short run to Ayr, where one must stay for a few hours to pay homage to Robert Burns, the best loved poet of the English tongue. It is somewhat surprising to learn that twenty thousand pilgrims visit the shrine of this humble peasant, as over against fourteen thousand who visit the next most popular shrine of genius, viz., that of the Bard of Avon. Perhaps they would surprise you at Stratford by an entirely different statement. One of the incidents of travel is that you learn so many things that are not so. But if this is true as to the respective number of pilgrims who yearly visit the shrines of Burns and Shakespeare, the reason probably is that Burns speaks more to the heart, and Shakespeare to the intellect. A greater number of people have hearts to be affected than intellects to be charmed.

As is well known, the house still stands in which Robert Burns was born. Unquestionably it was a lowly place from which to start on the road to fame. The house would need much touching up, and even remodeling to make it a satisfactory home for a family of respectable darkies.

" 'Tis but a cottage roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay.
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all thrones in scorn,
For here beneath this lowly thatch
Love's sweetest bard was born."

A night at Glasgow, an early train to Loch Lomond, a transfer to a jaunty little steamer and then a ride of fifteen miles on the queen of Scotch lakes. With lofty Ben Lomond towering on one side, wearing his cap of white mist, and other Bens only a little less lofty towering on the other; with thirty-two islands of varying sizes and shapes, but all clad in brilliant green, studding the

placid waters, there was only one thing for the on-lookers to do, and they all did it—that was to say: "O, how charming, how exquisitely beautiful! Did you ever see anything so lovely?" There was no one to dispute the sentiment, and consequently the conversation grew rather monotonous. It adds much to the pleasure of such a journey to find that you are riding on a loch and not a lake and looking on a Ben instead of a mountain. Lakes and mountains are commonplace and can be seen at home.

At Inversnaid we left the steamer and took coaches—twenty-four in a coach drawn by four large horses. Over and through a pass in the hills between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine gave us a ride of five miles with an elevated view point. Looking across Loch Lomond to the west, I saw a lofty peak decked with patches of glistening white. I knew exactly what these patches looked like, but I was afraid to say it was snow, seeing the date was June 14th. I asked our driver, and he had no such fear. It was sure enough snow, and reminded us that June takes on a different character in latitude fifty-four from what it wears in latitude thirty-four.

The ride on Loch Katrine was like riding in fairyland; not that it is more attractive in its scenery than the larger lake which we had just left, but this was the home of Ellen,

"The guardian Naiad of the Strand."

We pass within a few feet of "Ellen's Isle," and are subtly conscious of her presence. Her spirit seems to brood over this lovely scene. Reading on the spot the lines of Walter Scott, I find that in his description he is true to every minutest feature of the landscape. I noted every variety of forest growth that he mentions.

This romantic and historic lake, in these prosaic and practical days, is made to serve the useful purpose of supplying water to the city of Glasgow, thirty-five miles distant. The acqueduct that carries the water required the building of seventy tunnels, and cost $17,000,000. It is good water, and needs no ice, winter or summer. I have not seen a piece of ice since I landed at Queenstown. I say this with thankfulness, for the very thought of ice makes me draw my overcoat closer around me.

Leaving the lakes, we have a coach ride of nine miles to Calander. For the first mile we pass through the Trossacks, meaning in our civilized language the "bristling country." It is the gorge

extending from Loch Katrine to Loch Achray between the bald peaks of Ben A'an on the left and the loftier peaks of Ben Venue on the right. For description, I beg to refer you to Scott's "Lady of the Lake." This is also the country of Rob Roy, unchanged in its general appearance since the days when he filled the region with the terror of his name. It is not as we had conceived it, a country in which an outlaw could easily find hiding places. It is almost destitute of trees, and so far as we could see, the only places for concealment are caves and crevasses in the rocks. On the seat just behind me, while taking this ride, there sat a gentleman from Yankeedom. His traveling companion was a Scotch lady. He was telling her how that in the United States there were marked differences of custom and speech in the different sections of the country, and how that you could tell from what section any one hailed by the peculiarity of his tones and accent. "For example," he said, "you know a Southerner at once, because he has caught the peculiar intonations of the negroes among whom he lives." The Wilmington pastor, who sat by my side, on hearing this, showed blood in his eye, and wished to make it interesting for his fellow-countryman from Yankeedom. I managed to restrain him by calling his attention to the fact that the offender was an old man, and by reminding him that one who was born and reared in the North was not altogether responsible for his misfortune.

On the way from Calandar we had to wait an hour between trains at Stirling. This gave us an opportunity to climb up one of the steep streets and get a view from the castle. It is the only street I ever climbed that made me think a ladder might be used to advantage. I was never more richly rewarded for the effort of climbing. The guide book says: The Vale of Montieth, Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben A'an, Ben Ledi, are all distinctly seen. Northeast are the Achil Hills; south the Campsie Hills; and on the north, the Abbey Craig, Cambuskenneth Abbey, the Wallace Monument, and the Bridge of Allan." But the names of all these Bens and Hills and Abbeys do not give you a suggestion of the charming valley on which you look down from the lofty castle rock, a valley streaching far away to the north and south, covered with soft green of various shades and cut through the center by the river Lenny. I have seen nothing more fascinating to the eye since landing on the shore of Great Britain.

This old Castle of Stirling, like nearly all old things in Scotland, has a stirring history behind it. It figured prominently in the wars when Wallace and Bruce were winning the independence of their country, again in the wars of the commonwealth in the seventeenth century, when Crowmell was teaching the Scotts to be in subjection to the powers that be, for the powers that be are ordained of God,'' and later still in the brief war which Charles Edward waged in the vain hope of bringing Britain again under the curse of the Stuart dynasty.

More interesting, however, than the Castle, with its history of bloody war, was the Greyfriars Church, erected by James IV in 1494. In this church in 1567 James VI, infant son of Queen Mary, was crowned, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. But more interesting still to one who cares for the history of Scotch Presbyterians, this is the church from which the General Assembly evicted Ebinezer Erskine in the year 1733 for his bold stand in defense of the rights of the people. When evicted, he went about one hundred yards down the street, that steep street that I had climbed, excavated a level place, built a church of his own and became the illustrous father of our worthy A. R. P. brethren. His monument stands in the graveyard near by, and I was grateful for the privilege of standing before it and paying the homage of reverence to one of Scotland's many great heroes.

Another stone in this same cemetery marks a grave of unusual interest. That stone has carved on it the name of Henry Drummond, and states the fact that he was Professor of Natural Sciences in the University of Edinburgh. Few names are more widely known among English speaking people than the name of this rarely brilliant and truly devout scholar. While his studies in Natural Science led him far away from the traditional interpretation of the Christian Scriptures, they did not lead him away from the feet of his Saviour, whom he not only trusted with all his heart, but whom he delighted to commend to others. His father and uncle were prosperous merchants in Stirling, were devotedly attached to the church, and generous helpers in every good cause. Two brothers of Henry are still living and are active in church work.

From Stirling to Edinburg is thirty-six miles, and all the way is like traveling through a well-kept park. I reached Edinburg on Tuesday evening. This is my principal objective, as the pretext

for crossing the Atlantic was to attend the "World's Missionary Conference." Finding that the meetings in Synod Hall, for which I was ticketed, did not begin until Wednesday evening, I took advantage of a day off to see one or two familiar sights of the city. The first place to which a stranger is attracted is the Castle, which crowns a bald, rugged rock that rises abruptly to the height of 250 feet and looks down menacingly on the city. Mounting to the top of this lofty eminence, I duplicated the experience of Lord Marmion:

"Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendor red."

Two places in the Castle are of special interest—the crown room and Queen Mary's apartments. In the center of the crown room, resting on a stand and covered by a strong iron netting are the crown, the sceptre and the sword of state. Scotland has had no use for these since the union of the two kingdoms in 1707, and for more than a hundred years they lay forgotten in a large oaken chest. Somebody happened to think of them, and started the rumor that they had been stealthily carried off to England. This created no end of unpleasant talk. At length the Prince Regent ordered a search to be made, and when the chest was broken open, the key having been lost, they were found as they had been left, and then everybody rejoiced except the smart Aleck who started the false report. The crown is very old, dating back to Robert Bruce in the fourteenth century, but its gold band, with its rich setting of precious stones, glitters with a lustre as bright as when it first graced that monarch's brow. It weighs fifty-six ounces, and I would not swap my old derby for it if constrained to wear it.

Whatever we may think of Mary Queen of Scotts, we must allow that an interest attaches to her and her pathetic and tragic history such as belongs to no other sovereign of these Isles. She had two rooms in this castle, one a large reception room, and the other a small bed-room. The only window in this bed-room looks sheer down a precipice some two hundred feet to the castle walk below. In this little room James VI was born; and tradition reports that out of this window he was lowered to friends who

carried him to Stirling and had him baptized by a Romish Priest. You see John Knox was living at that time just over the way, and they had to perform their Romish ceremonies on the sly.

I went in the afternoon to Holyrood Palace. It was my first experience of a palace, and considered as a palace, Holyrood hardly came up to expectations, but it did very well as an object of historic interest. Here again the objects on which one looks with most emotion are those connected with Queen Mary. Lord Darnley's bed-room and dressing-room are pointed out, and I gave them some attention, but simply because he was the husband of Mary. In the Queen's bed-room is the bed in which she slept, and beside it her work-box. Her bed is short, almost square, and while the worse for wear, was never, even at its best, better than many a bed I have slept in without knowing that I was faring equal to royalty. The greatest interest of all attaches to a little room opening into the Queen's bed-room, and is known as Queen Mary's supper-room. It was in this diminutive apartment that she was supping with Lady Argyle, Lord Stuart, and David Rizzo on the night of February 13, 1565, when her brutal husband and his brutal companions burst in and dragged the Queen's favorite, the poor unhappy Rizzio, out through the bed-room, across the large audience room till near the door, and there, despite the screams, the protests and tears of the Queen, dispatched him with their daggers before her eyes. A brass plate is let in the floor designating the exact spot where this greatest outrage that a husband every perpetrated on a wife was committed.

It is a short walk from Holyrood toJohn Knox's house. I was welcomed to the home of this great, grissly old hero on the payment of a six pence. It was worth more than a six pence to feel that you were putting your feet precisely where John Knox had many a time put his as you climbed the stone stairway that leads from the street to the door of entrance; and then to stand in the plain, low-ceiled bed-room where the brave warrior did his sleeping for twelve years, where most of his children were born, and where, when his work was done, he quietly fell on sleep and went to God.

With this visit, a very short one, a mere pop call, at the house of John Knox, my sight-seeing came to an end, and I began to attend meetings.

The Edinburg Conference

WHAT was it? It was an assembly in the city of Edinburg of more than two thousand delegates, representing one hundred and thirty-five different denominations of Christians, meeting in two great halls, the Assembly Hall and the Synod Hall, holding three sessions a day and continuing their sessions for ten days. It was an assembly which had been carefully planned for during two whole years, by eight large commissions, having in charge as many different phases of the work of world-wide evangelization. These commissions had gathered from all the mission fields of Protestant Christendom throughout the world all available data at first hand sources, bearing on the missionary problems with which they were dealing. They had studied these data, analyzed them, weighed their significance, and using these data as the basis of their thinking, they brought to the conference their well matured judgment as to the best method of dealing with the problems with which they had been wrestling. The reports of these commissions formed the basis of the discussions and the texts of the discourses in all the sessions of the conference.

What was the Edinburg Conference? It was an assemblage, representing practically all of Protestant Christendom, met together for the purpose of considering carefully and prayerfully, in the light of all available knowledge, how much has been done in fulfilling the great commission which the Divine Head gave to the Church, His body, to evangelize the world, how much remains to be done, what are the present methods of work, whether these could be supplemented or modified and rendered more effective, how far short the Church is coming of its full measure of duty, and how it can be quickened into a livelier sense of its obligation. Those who gathered there had such facilities for a world-wide vision as had never been enjoyed before. In addition to the data gathered by those eight large commissions through two years of patient endeavor, there were present in that assembly representatives from every coast and from every clime.

No question could be raised about conditions even in the uttermost parts of the earth that there was not some one there with expert knowledge to give an answer.

What was the Edinburg Conference? It was the most wisely planned, and the most perfectly executed effort that has ever been made to bring the Church of Christ face to face with the work which the Master has given it to do. That work in all its vast extent, and in all its complicated phases, was made to pass in vivid review before that mount of privilege. The veil was lifted, the distant was brought nigh, and the whole world-field was made to stand out in clear relief. No glamor of romance was permitted to rest upon it. The field was simply laid bare with its cold self-revealing facts—its vast sweep of darkness, its multiplying patches of light; its difficulties and encouragements; its open doors; its crying needs; its barriers of prejudice; its demonstrated susceptibility to the conquering power of the gospel. There were no concealments—the mistakes of the past, the partial failure, the meagre success, the facts that should shame the Church—these were all there to receive their share of attention and to make their impression. It was the field as it actually is—not as it ought to have been, or might have been.

What was the Edinburg Conference? It was the gathering of the leaders of the sacramental hosts of Christ to reconnoiter the position and strength of the enemy. They called in the scouts from every spot of the contested territory, and learned from them all that might be known about the strongholds of heathenism, about the Confucianism of China, the Buddhism of Japan, the Mohammedanism of Turkey and the Hinduism of India, and the gross Paganism of Africa and the islands of the sea. They studied together the best methods of approach, the most effective means of assault, and the most approved weapons of this great Spiritual warfare. They planned a campaign with a view to occupying the strategic positions, with a view to economizing men and money, and with a view to taking utmost advantage of every victory won, and of making the fruits of conquest permanent. They studied carefully and prayerfully the field and the force that they might press the battle all along the line and win the world for Christ at the earliest possible moment.

What was the Edinburgh Conference? It was the most cosmopolitan brotherhood of Christians, the most ecumenical council

of leaders, the most diversified representation of missionary forces that has ever been brought together. It was the most striking, the most obtrusive illustration of the essential unity of Protestant Christendom notwithstanding its manifold denominational differences that has yet been given. There was seen, what a few years ago would have seemed little less than miraculous, a free interchange of opinion on the part of those who represented almost every conceivable shade of doctrine, and every form of ecclesiastical administration. High churchman and low churchman, prelate, Presbyterian and independent, Calvinist and Arminian, Baptist and Pedobaptist, Quaker, Menonite and Seventh Day Adventist, sat in the same pews, took part in the same worship, joined in the same discussions, and wrought hand in hand and heart to heart to the same end.

Such in the bulk, in its constitution and scope, in its personnel and program was the Edinburgh Conference. It was an unique phenomenon in the history of the Church. Certainly never before did Protestant Christendom focus so completely all its forces in one centre and on one subject. For once denominations dropped their shibboleths and met together as members of one household of faith to seek the blessing of their common Father, and the glory of their common Saviour. I do not believe that they will ever get as far apart again in their sympathies and sentiments, in their selfish and exclusive clannishness.

Just a few words as to what this conference most stressed.

What The Edinburgh Conference Stressed.

I. Of course, it stressed above all the obligation of giving the gospel to the heathen world. This is not a mission, but the mission of the Church. While it loiters in this business it sins against the supreme purpose of its Divine Master. The measure of missionary zeal is the measure of spiritual life.

II. It stressed the obligation to give a pure gospel to the heathen. No man must be sent who is doubtful about his message. No man must be sent who has any other gospel to preach than "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." He must know Christ personally, and know Him as the "Lamb of God, etc."

Those who voiced the sentiments and views of the Edinburg Conference believed in an unexpurgated and unmutilated Bible, and insisted that this Bible must be given to the heathen.

III. It stressed the duty of united effort. The time has come for denominations to cease all rivalry, all friction, all competition. They must be careful to put no stumbling blocks in the way of the heathen by selfishly seeking sectarian ends. Furthermore, they must not seek to transplant all the peculiarities of doctrine and polity that form the basis of our denominational differences. They must encourage, rather than check, the spirit of unification that is so marked a characteristic of native Christian life.

IV. It stressed the duty of haste. The prevailing unrest which is the outstanding fact of the heathen world today accentuates the urgency of the Church's duty. Hitherto the point of sharpest contrast between the Orient and the Occident has been the placid calm of the one, and the feverish activity of the other. But now the East has caught the spirit of the West. Everywhere, in China, Japan, India, Persia and Turkey there is a seething discontent with things as they are and have been and a reaching out after something different and better.

What is the meaning of this? For one thing, it means that the East is feeling more and more the impact of the West, its commercial, intellectual and political impact. The world is drawing together, and the East is responding to Western influence. Students from the Orient are thronging to our universities, delegations of business men are studying our industrial conditions, and political economists our systems of government. Now is the Church's opportunity, and now its solemn responsibility. If the responsive East is captured by the non-Christian forces of the West, its last state will be worse than its first. Nothing is so impervious to the gospel as a cultured, materialistic, arrogant and infidel civilization. The Church must bring the power of Christianity to bear and capture the transforming East for Christ.

V. It stressed the native church. It seemed to be the unanimous voice of the conference that the ultimate aim of Foreign Missions is not the evangelization of foreign countries, but the establishment in every heathen country of a self-governing, self-supporting and self-propagating church. To the church, thus established, must we look for the ultimate and permanent conquest of the heathen world for Christ. The Chinese must evangelize China, the Oriental people must evangelize the Orient.

What will be the lasting influence of this Conference? It has carried the rising tide of missionary zeal one stage higher.

It has contributed its quota to the solution of pressing problems. It has brought Protestant Christendom nearer together. The Master, who sees in secret, will take care of all the invisible currents of influence set in motion, and they will flow on and be fruitful in His own good time.

I will add one or two incidental remarks. William Jennings Bryan is the most popular speaker in the conference. Wherever he goes he draws like a magnet, filling every hall or church in which he speaks to its utmost capacity. He spoke the other evening in the Tolbooth church, on the theme, "By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them." The matter of the address was not remarkable either for freshness or piquancy; but there was a charm about Mr. Bryan's personality that held the delighted attention of the audience for an hour and a quarter. The Scotsman, which is the leading paper of Edinburg, designates Mr. Bryan as the greatest orator in the United States.

The next greatest attraction is Robert E. Speer. Just between us, Mr. Bryan cannot hold a light to Robert E. Speer when any phrase of religion is the subject, especially any phase of missions. I believe that Mr. Speer can grip an audience closer and hold it longer, when the topic is of a religious character, than any man of this generation.

John R. Mott is a clear, vigorous and impressive speaker, but lacks the fire of the great orator. His pre-eminence lies in the sphere of organization and administration. He is the permanent presiding officer in Assembly Hall; and Archbishops, Bishops and all other dignitaries obey his behests.

The University of Edinburg took advantage of this occasion to bestow special honor on these two distinguished young American laymen, attaching D.D. to the name of Robert E. Speer, and LL.D. to the name of John R. Mott.

St. Giles—St. Andrews

IT was a great privilege to worship in St. Giles the only Sunday I spent in Edinburg. There are, however, certain accessories to the worship that are not palatable to the taste of a plain, unpretentious and unaffected non-conformist. The verger, clad in a gown with scarlet yoke, and bearing a mace, marched up the aisle, followed by three gowned ministers, looking as solemn as a high-class funeral. The aisle passes in front of the pulpit and terminates at a long table at one end of the church. Here one of the escorted ministers seated himself at one end of the table and the other two disappeared. The pastor of the church arose in the pulpit, which is about the middle of the church, and conducted the preliminary service, except that a young acolyte, standing at a desk opposite the pulpit, read the Scripture lessons—one from the Old Testament and the other from the New. When this part of the worship was concluded, the verger, in the same solemn and stately manner, marched down to the table, and, taking in tow the preacher of the day, Rev. A. V. V. Raymond, D.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., marched back to the pulpit. Leaving there Dr. Raymond, he took the pastor under his charge and marched him down that same long isle and seated him at the table. When the sermon was over, the verger went after the preacher and conducted him down to a seat at the opposite end of the table. The other two ministers now reappeared and took seats near the table. A collection was taken, a chant was rendered by the choir, and then the pastor asked the congregation to resume their seats after the benediction and remain seated till the clergy passed out. Whereupon he pronounced the benediction, the people did as directed, and the gorgeous verger led all four of the clergy in funeral procession through the full length of the long church. All of which looked to us like a far away and feeble attempt at the priestly pomp and pageantry of Rome. If we must have such Tomfoolery, let us have the genuine article, and not a puerile imitation. If Jennie Geddes was the woman that I take her for, they would have heard from her little stool had they attempted such a performance in her day.

The pulpit which John Knox was "like to ding into blades and jump out of" is no longer seen in St. Giles; but in its stead an organ with its "kist o' whistles," so little do they respect the shades of the mighty dead. Neither is the ever-to-be-venerated stool which Jennie Geddes flung at the dean's head to be seen in St. Giles. Both are to be seen, however, at the Antiquarian Museum, on Queen's street, along with certain instruments of torture, once used for the promotion of piety, which help to bring into vivid memory the "good old times" for which many discontented saints are sighing.

Just back of St. Giles, in the middle of the street, on one of the stones of which the street is paved, are the letters I. K., the Latin initials of John Knox. This stone marks the place where John Knox was at first buried—his ashes now rest elsewhere. I heard it suggested that he was buried in the middle of the street that the people might at length "run over" him, a thing no one could do while he lived. Presumably, when he was buried there that spot was not in the street.

Hearing that there would be a service for children in Old Gray Friars church at 5:00 p. m., I purposed to worship there at that hour. There was some mistake—the church was not open, but I took advantage of the occasion to stroll through the historic graveyard which surrounds the church. On one of the flat stones, covering a grave, is an inscription which tells you that according to tradition on that stone the National Covenant was signed, February 20, 1638. How many times had I read about this very stone in connection with those stirring days when Charles I. and his indiscreet adviser, Archbishop Laud, were trying by methods more severe than successful to convert Scotch-Presbyterians into Episcopalians. Here in this very spot, the people high and low gathered, and with boundless enthusiasm, and even tears of joy signed that venerable document which had been drawn up and first signed in 1580. By this act they served notice on their king that he was not lord of their consciences, and that they proposed to remain Presbyterians at least till death, and probably a great while longer.

In another part of the graveyard is the "Martyr's Monument." It was erected to commemorate all those from the Duke of Argyle to James Renwick, who preferred to die rather than to renounce the Covenant which they had signed.

We have in these two stones the key to that which constitutes

Scotland's peculiar glory. One stone shows that in an age when kings ruled by divine right, and were not willing that their subjects should call their souls their own, Scotland had sons who dared to band together, and, lifting up holy hands to heaven, swear to live according to what they individually believed to be the will of God. The other stone points out that those men, thus daring and thus swearing, when confronted with the stern fact that to stand by their oath meant death in horrible forms of cruelty, were able to abide by what they had done, and to the number of 18,000 give themselves a sacrifice to liberty of conscience. What Scotland is today, and what Scotland has done to bless the world bear impressive witness to the fact that the noble victims of such a cause do not die in vain.

St. Andrews is a little off the main line of travel, and for this reason is quite generally left to one side by sight-seers. But the Presbyterian who has a pride in his ecclesiastical ancestry cannot afford to slight it. This grave and venerable city was once the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland. The impressive remnants of the Cathedral palace of the primates are still standing. The gigantic proportions of the most magnificent Church of Scotland in pre-Reformation days, may still be traced, and its beautiful and elaborate ornamentation may be judged by the few specimens remaining. The total internal length from east to west was 358 feet, and from north to south, including the transepts, 166 feet.

Very near to the ruins of the Cathedral are the ruins of the Castle. To stand within the enclosure indicated by scattered portions of the walls still remaining, and to recall the history wrought on this spot is almost enough to chill the blood even at this distance of time. It was just in front of this castle that two of the earliest martyrs of the Scotch Reformation were burned, Patrick Hamilton, in 1528, and George Wishart, in 1546. The annals of that time contain few nobler names, and few that excite a more pathetic interest. Patrick Hamilton was of noble birth according to the flesh, and when born of the Spirit became a choice servant of Christ. After completing his education at Paris, and learning the ways of the Lord more perfectly by reading the works of Luther and Melancthon, he returned to his native land filled with a resistless desire to make Christ known to his benighted countrymen. The tragic result is soon told. He preached a few weeks, was apprehended, asked to recant, and refusing, was tied to a

stake and burnt. Eighteen years later the gentle and lovely Wishart suffered a like fate in the same place. You may still see the window in a fragment of the west wall, from which Cardinal Beaton, then Primate of Scotland, looked down on the burning of Wishart, and if tradition may be credited, he took great saisfaction as he witnessed the agonies of his victim. The patient martyr had friends. These secured admission by night to the castle and assassinated the Cardinal. They then fortified themselves and endured a protracted seige. John Knox, who had been a disciple of Wishart, knowing that those who had burnt the master would be glad to see the pupil put out of the way, took refuge in the castle with the assassins of the Cardinal. It was during the seige which followed that Knox was called, and even constrained, by a congregation of the inmates of the castle to take upon himself the duty of preaching the gospel. We are standing then on the spot where that mighty voice was first lifted up to proclaim Christ's evangel. That event marked a new era in the history of Scotland, and consequently of the world.

The most interesting object which I saw in the old castle was the Bottle Dungeon, so-called from its being shaped somewhat like a bottle. The keeper led us down into a subterranean passage, and pointed our attention to what looked like the mouth of a large well. This is the opening of the neck of the bottle. He hooked a lantern on a pole and lowered it in the hole, and by means of the light I could see where the neck ended and the bottle began. The neck is seven feet in diameter and the bottle seventeen. The dungeon is twenty-four feet deep. Prisoners were lowered through the neck of the bottle by means of a basket. When at the bottom they found themselves in the heart of a solid rock to which not one ray of light was admitted. The idea of escape could be entertained only by a lunatic. It is said that Hamilton and Wishart were confined in this gloomy pit the night before their execution. It is further said that the assassins of Cardinal Beaton, having no other way to dispose of the body, put it in salt and threw it down here, where it lay for seven weeks, and was then taken up and buried by those who captured the castle.

In the World Missionary Conference I heard the eminent English clergyman, Dr. Horton, say that whenever he came to Scotland the first man he thought of was Samuel Rutherford, and that if Scotland had done nothing but give him to the world, it

would not have lived in vain. In the cemetery adjoining the old Cathedral of St. Andrews, I stood by his grave and read on his headstone the following inscription:

"What tongue or pen, or skill of men
Can famous Rutherford commend.
His learning justly raised his fame,
True goodness adorned his name.
He did converse with things above,
Acquainted with Emmanuel's love.
Most orthodox he was and sound,
And many errors did confound
For Zion's King and Zion's cause,
And Scotland's covenanted laws
Most constantly did he contend,
Until his time was at an end.
Then he won to fuller vision
Of that which he had seen in vision."

Passing up South street, one's attention is attracted by a showy monument in Trinity Church yard. He learns from the inscription that "under this mausolem lies James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, a man whom the whole Christian world admired, a philosopher, theologian, teacher, and statesman, a foe to the enemies of God and the King, as well as an angel of peace and an oracle of wisdom. He was assassinated while on his knees imploring mercy, on 3rd May, 1679, in the 61st year of his age." How men differ in their judgments is indicated, when we recall that the Presbyterians, whom Archbishop Sharp first betrayed and then persecuted, named him the "Judas of the Covenant."

It may be noted as a matter of interest to lovers of sport that the golf links at St. Andrews are the most famous in the world. It also happened that I entered St. Andrews on the evening of the day that marked the end of the great annual open golf tournament. The tournament lasted three days, and a part of it was played in a terrific thunderstorm, with the rain pouring in torrents. The championship was won by James Braid, making the fifth time in succession that he has won this honor, an achievement unparalleled in the history of the game. Consequently James Braid is as great a hero in Scotland as Ty Cobb or Hans Wagner is in the United States. As a game for the general public to enjoy, no game campares with our national game of base ball.

Inverness—Oban—Iona

SO far north is Inverness, relatively so insignificant in size and commercial importance, and possesses so little interest of a historical or literary kind that one might suppose by going there he would be done for the time being with the crowd of sight-seers, those people from the United States and elsewhere who have nothing better to do than to go loafing around Europe to look upon a lot of old rubbish, and pay guides to tell them any and all kinds of doubtful and unverifiable stories. But one venturing on such a supposition would suppose very far from the facts of the case. He will learn that the tourists were there before he got there; that they are still there waiting for him and that they will keep coming after he leaves. Inverness is expecting them, has prepared for them, and is glad to see them. Inverness has all kinds of souvenirs in readiness for them, and is eager for their twelve pennies, which make one shilling, and for their twenty shillings, which make one pound. Inverness is not peculiar in this respect. Judging from my brief experience, I should guess that enough souvenir post cards are now on hand, waiting to be purchased by tourists, to carpet the British Isles from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, with a few ship loads left over. But these are but the beginnings of sorrow. Do you wish to see the inside of a Cathedral, pay six pense and you can see it; do you wish to go up to the top of the tower, pay a six pence and you can go up; do you wish to see a hole in the ground where some old castle stood, pay a six pence and you can see it. If you wish to see something that can't be fenced off, you are expected to hand a gratuity to some idler who makes a point of being on hand to keep you from enjoying the sight. Every time you turn round it is anywhere from two pence to a shilling; and that is the reason you cut your trip short and pretend to be home-sick. You have simply been drained of all your financial resources.

My second Sunday in Scotland was spent in Inverness. It was a wise selection, for the place is unusually attractive. On Sunday morning my landlady asked where I thought of going to church. I told her that I thought of going to hear Mr. McLeod, not that I knew him, but for the sake of the name. "You will be

mighty dry, if you go there; you will come away just as you went. If you wish to hear preaching you should go to hear my meenister, Meester Couper.'' Wishing to hear preaching, and especially wishing to keep in the good graces of my landlady, I went to hear Mr. Cooper. Reaching the vestibule, a lady was seen standing demurely at each of the two doors, admitting to the church. I supposed that prayer was going on within, and that these ladies were waiting for the conclusion before entering. But soon some one else came and when he approached one of the ladies, she opened the door and admitted. Then I understood that these devout looking ladies were the regular ushers, and afterwards learned that it was a common custom in Scotland for churches to have lady ushers. It is not a bad custom, for these ladies perform their duties in a most acceptable manner. Their gentle voices and sweet smiles make the stranger feel at home, or if not exactly that, to be better content to be away from home.

It was communion Sunday, and I asked permission of a gentleman who came down the aisle to greet me to join the communicants in this part of the service. ''Certainly you can,'' he said, and led the way to a room in the rear end of the church, where a dozen venerable elders were gathered around a cheerful fire. He told them of my request, and then I gave them the salient points in my religious history, being careful to put the best foot foremost. Presumably the examination was sustained as satisfactory, as one of the elders, sitting at a table with writing materials before him, filled out a card which he handed me. On my return to the church this card was taken up by another elder stationed in the aisle for the purpose, and he kindly seated me in the middle block only two seats from the front.

Taken as a whole, the worship from beginning to end was as faultless in its air of reverence, in its decorum, in the perfect propriety with which every part was carried through, as any worship in which it was ever my privilege to join. It was such a delightful contrast to the worship in St. Giles in its freedom from flummery and flunkyism. Mrs. McGilvary proved an excellent ''sermon taster,'' as Meester Cooper redeemed the promise which she had made for him. He is comparatively a young man, with a fine scholarly face, and his diction and accent gave evidence of fine culture. His sermon, as to structure, doctrine and grace of delivery, was above criticism, except that he read rather closely, and

there was consequently wanting that pleasing suggestion of spontaneity which is always absent when a manuscript is present.

There was no organ in the church, and one may devoutly wish that there never may be so long as the music keeps up to the present high standard. There was a choir of about thirty voices, seated in a low gallery back of the pulpit. A precentor occupied a central place in the front rank of the choir. When the hymn was announced, he gave the pitch of the tune, and this pitch was taken up in an audible murmur by the whole choir. Then the entire congregation arose, the precentor lifted his book, gave one downward beat, and everybody broke loose at once. The tunes were solemn and stately, like Old Hundred, Balerma and Dundee; but they sang with great vigor and in perfect time, with no single laggard. It was grand, inspiring, worshipful—such music as one delights in who believes that the service of song in God's house should be first of all and last of all devotianl, a happy contrast to much of the vocal gymnastics to which one is frequently constrained to listen from a paid choir that knows far more about musical art than about experimental religion.

The communion service was observed in a thoroughly simple and reverential manner. Fourteen elders were seated in the chancel around the table bearing the sacred symbols. The pastor made a brief but carefully prepared and edifying talk and offered a most appropriate prayer. The elders, after waiting on the two ministers who sat behind the table, served the communicants. Returning to their seats, they were served by the pastor. The choir sang an anthem, "Cast Thy Burden on the Lord," an anthem with which I had been familiar since my boyhood, but had never heard it rendered so beautifully. The service ended with a prayer, a hymn and the benediction. The impression made was that much of the solemn earnestness which characterized the religion of the sturdy Covenanters still remains with their descendants.

At 6:30 in the evening I carried out my purpose to attend Mr. McLeod's church. He was not in his pulpit, however, and his place was taken by quite a young man, much younger than the one we had heard in the morning. He also showed the marks of the diligent student and of fine culture. The only significant difference between the worship of the evening and the morning was that in Mr. McLeod's church they have a large organ and a most excellent organist. This gave a little more of a modern air to the

music, but the music was the same in character, stately, solemn, devout. Moreover there were no fancy preludes, nor interludes, the organ kept its place as a mere support to the voices. The choir was even larger than the one of the morning. They sang only one piece without the congregation, and that was Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," and the way they did sing it was worth paying to hear. I may have heard church music elsewhere equally fine, but if so I do not happen to remember the occasion.

It is a strange experience to pass a long winter day in the latter part of June, yet such was my experience on that Sunday in Inverness, the 26th of June. On awaking in the morning, and looking out through the window opposite my bed, I saw snow lying in large patches on the distant mountain. All day long swift breezes from the North Sea were bringing fresh messages from the North Pole. What the maid called a "roasting fire" was anything but unseasonable. Just when the day began I am not able to say, but certainly before three o'clock, for at that hour it was broad daylight; and at eleven, when I retired, the day still lingered, the light being strong enough for young eyes to read ordinarily good print.

The most delightful way to leave Inverness is by way of the Caledonian Canal. A beautiful little steamer, fitted up with every comfort, carries you through sixty miles of the most famous scenery in the Highlands of Scotland. The mountains on either side vie with each other in presenting pictures of rugged grandeur, of bold, barren cliffs, deep, gloomy defiles, relieved now and then with landscapes of soft sylvan beauty. At one point you pass around the base of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain. This huge giant, lifting his head defiantly into the region of perpetual mist, refuses to give up all his mantle of snow even to the persuasive suns of July and August—he hardly pays any attention to the milder solicitations of June.

Leaving Inverness at 8:00 in the morning, at 6:30 in the evening you reach Oban, spreading out in crescent shape around its lovely bay. All the cities in Scotland, big and little, give one the impression of solidity and permanence, the houses being uniformly built of stone, usually of gray granite. There is much architectual taste displayed in the buildings of Oban, and as many of the houses nestle far up the hillsides in groves of oak and

larch, the effect, as you approach through the bay, is charming in the extreme.

"Oban is a dainty place;
In distant or in nigh lands,
No town delights the tourist race,
Like Oban in the Highlands."

Steaming out of the bay on Tuesday morning, in a dreary, drizzling, chilly rain, we pass through Kerrara Sound, cross the Firth of Lorne, sweep round the long promontories of the Island of Mull, and as the friendly sun bursts through the clouds, we drop anchor at 12:30 near the shores of Iona. There is a magic belonging to this name that belongs to no other on the map of Europe. On this little bit of earth and rock five miles long and one mile wide, Columba, a missionary from Ireland, attended by a few monks, planted the standard of the cross in 563. From this as a center he evangelized the savage tribes of Picts and Scots, and carried the gospel far down into the heart of Great Britain. As you stand on the pebbly beach, so constantly swept by storms, and look out on the wild waste of waters, and across to the rock-bound coast and desolate mountains of the large island of Mull that still shuts Iona away from the main land, you wonder what a heart of courage must have been in the man. In this lonely spot he built a monastery, and founded a school in connection with it, and made Iona the radiating center of religious and educational forces that were powerfully felt for many centuries; and to this spot, as a venerated shrine, thousands of pilgrims flock from all the ends of the earth. All the churches claim Columba. The Roman Catholics canonized him; the Episcopalians name churches after him; and the Presbyterians reckon him as a necessary link in their chain of Apostolic succession. Fortunately there is enough of him to go round, and his ashes, undisturbed by these conflicting claims, rest in peace on the little island forever consecrated by his courage and sanctity. His ashes rest not alone; in and about the Cathedral are buried forty Scottish kings, a French king, two Irish and two Scandinavian monarchs. In addition to these are many monks, abbots, bishops and nobles. In the olden times it was thought to help one's chances in the other world for his body to lie near that of the saintly Columba. So sacred was the spot that all who could came here after death to

be buried. There are many interesting objects on the Island that speak of a far away past, and awaken wonder as to how that past ever could have been a living reality.

It requires only thirty-five minutes to pass from Iona to Staffa. The interest attaching to this diminutive speck is altogether the interest of curiosity. Here are to be seen in wasteful profusion, the same marvelous, inexplicable, incredible formations that constitute the Giant's Causeway on the North of Ireland. It is easy to say they were formed by volcanic action; but the marvel is that some one particular volcano should have displayed such skill in making honey-comb out of basaltic rock, and should have confined its operations to these particular spots.

I had my ideas about Fingal's Cave much upset. I had expected to enter the cave in a little rowboat on the crest of huge waves, and had supposed that while our frail vessel was being tossed like an eggshell, bringing us into imminent peril, the waves would rush on into the impenetrable gloom and break somewhere in loud resounding concussions that would fill our souls with mingled awe and terror. I am sure that I had read something after this order. Instead of this, however, we were safely set ashore; and then walked along a pathway, guarded by an iron rail, over the octagonal tops of broken columns, around the point of the island, and entered the cave by the same well-guarded pathway and walked to within a few feet of the far end of the cave, all the while in the clear light of day. It was very interesting, perhaps a little awe inspiring to stand far back in the cave and look out through the lofty archway upon the restless ocean; but there was not the slightest opportunity for any feeling of terror, as there was not the most remote suggestion of danger.

By a long, circuitous route, our swift little steamer carried us around the northern headlands of the Islands of Mull, then down through the Sound of Mull, across Loch Linnhe, and so back to Oban by the dusk of evening. This was a red letter day in my experience of travel.

Some Cathedrals and Then London

THE age of Cathedral building is receding to the distant past—for which let us be thankful. They are a poor tribute to the religious life of the age to which they belong. It was an age when Bishops vied with secular nobles in worldly pomp, and rivaled them in luxury of living; when Synods admonished priests to have some knowledge of the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed; when the common people were mere beasts of burden, from whom money to build these stately Cathedrals was extorted by priest-craft and ecclesiastical tyranny. One of the marked changes wrought by the Reformation was in the style of church architecture. In Protestantism preaching is given something of the dominant place in worship which it had in the early centuries of Christianity; and where preaching dominates the worship, it will determine the architecture of the sanctuary. The Cathedral was born after preaching died, and when religion had come to be largely a matter of pomp and pageantry, of processions and pilgrimages, of masses and millinery, of altars and absolutions. There is no place for Cathedrals in evangelical Christendom.

But however little sympathy we may have for the type of religion to which Cathedrals owe their existence, they are objects of much interest to all visitors from the new world. They are interesting merely as colossal buildings, representing vast expenditure of time, labor and money; they are interesting embodiments in stone of the conceptions of rare artistic genius; and they are interesting to students of history as the symbols of a degenerate form of Christianity which held sway over Western Europe for many centuries.

I have seen only a few of them as yet and shall make a point of not seeing a great many more. The Glasgow Cathedral is worthy of notice because it belongs to the Presbyterians and is used by them as a house of worship. While its proportions are very impressive, especially the height of roof of the nave from the floor, ninety feet, yet as a house of worship I should prefer a plain log house such as those in which our pious ancestors worshipped. In the days of Rob Roy, the crypt of this Cathedral

was used by a congregation of Covenanters, and is made by Walter Scott the scene of one of the interesting episodes in the career of that famous outlaw. The very pillar behind which he could have taken refuge is to be seen to this day.

Durham is the first Cathedral town reached en route from Scotland to England. Its Cathedral is noted as being one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture that can be seen in the country. Norman architecture means the round arch and barrel vault. It gives the impression of solidity and stolidity. There was great gain from the viewpoint of aesthetics when it gave place to the pointed Gothic. What interested us most in Durham Cathedral was not the style of architecture, but the grave of our old friend, Venerable Bede, the guileless and credulous, the amiable and devout historian of the early Church of Great Britain. What wonderful happenings there were in his day. For example, a bishop, greatly admiring an act of charity on the part of King Oswald, grasped the King's right hand, saying, "May this hand never perish." The prayer was answered, "for the King's arm and hand, being cut off from his body when he was slain in battle, remains entire and uncorrupted to this day, and are kept in a silver case in St. Peter's church, in the royal city."

York Minster is in striking contrast with Durham Cathedral. Its dimensions are greater, but there is a grace and lightness about its architecture that make it seem less massive. Hawthorne, whose judgment is worth almost as much as my own, called this "the most wonderful work that ever came from the hand of man." There is a Latin motto on one of the walls of the chapter house which the dignified warden translated for us in which the same sentiment is expressed. The warden's translation was as follows: "As the rose is the flower of flowers, so is this 'ouse the 'ouse of 'ouses."

Worship is regularly conducted in these Cathedrals, not only on the Sabbath, but on week days; and then between times, they are used as show houses at six pence a head. Think of conducting worship in a building that walls in an acre and a half of ground and a hundred feet of atmosphere! How do you suppose it is done? They fence off a little area in the center, or near one end, and fit it up with organ, pews, pulpit, etc., and leave all the rest of the vast spaces with their forest of huge pillars and bewildering arches unoccupied. But what a cold and cheerless place

for worship, cavernous spaces and bare stone floors all round. The dead of centuries are buried beneath these stones, so that the worship is really in the midst of a cemetery. Hugh Miller, the immortal stone mason of Cromarty, gives us the impression made on him by a service which he attended in this very Cathedral of York: "The service seemed rather a poor thing, on the whole. The coldly-read or fantastically-chanted prayers, commonplace by the twice a day repetition of centuries—the mechanical responses —the correct inanity of the choristers, who had not even the life of music in them—the total want of lay attendance, for the loungers who had come in by the side door went off en masse when the organ had performed its introductory part and the prayers began —the ranges of empty seats, which, huge as the building is which contains them, would scarce accommodate an average-sized Free Church congregation—all conspired to show that the Cathedral service of the English Church does not represent a living devotion, but a devotion that perished centuries ago. It is a petrifaction, a fossil, existing it is true in a fine state of keeping, but still an exanimate stone." The Reformers of Scotland spared only two Cathedrals in that land of Presbyterianism. Two are two too many except as ecclesiastical reminders of those dark ages from which the Lord has mercifully delivered us.

London, great, gray, grizzly London, usually canopied by cloud, and begrimed by the smoke of centuries, yet for all this the center of supreme attraction, the heart of the Anglo-Saxon race, and therefore the heart of the modern world; its pulse-beat is felt around the globe. Here have lived the kings of commerce and of letters, the kings of eloquence, sacred and forensic, here the muses of history have crowned their favorite devotees; here the glory of literature in all its departments has focused its brightest rays. Almost every street has become associated with the names or the works of literary genius.

It so happens just at this time that London is rather destitute of pulpit celebrities. Spurgeon, Parker, Liddon, Farrar, Stanley, Hugh Price Hughes, are all gone, and their places have not been supplied. Campbell Morgan's name is widely known and his praise is in all the churches. But he is absent from the city. Rev. R. J. Campbell, the protagonist of the "New Theology," has achieved much notoriety, but it remains to be seen whether coming years will not wisely relegate him to the shades of obscurity.

On last Sunday morning I selected a church and not a preacher. Regent Square Presbyterian Church was selected because for some generations it has radiated the light of a pure evangelical gospel. It was made famous by the matchless eloquence of Edward Irving before he became infatuated with certain novelties of doctrine and of religious experience which cost him his position as an honored minister of the Presbyterian church and made him the head of a new sect. He and Thomas Carlyle grew up together in or near the little Scotch village of Ecclifechan, and both found their way to London. They drifted far apart in matters of religion, but Carlyle retained a pathetic interest in his boyhood friend to the last. He has left us the best analysis of Irving's views, and the truest estimate of his character that we have .

Since Irving's day Regent Square Church has had a succession of preachers of fine talent and uniformly of evangelical views. Last Sunday was communion Sunday, and the pastor, Ivor J. Roberton, gave us a most appropriate and delightful sermon. His text was: "Whom, having not seen, ye love," and the three points of his sermon were: Christianity centers in a person; it centers in an unseen person; it centers in a person who evokes our love. Note how these are evolved from the text, how they exhaust its meaning, and how they follow in proper succession. This is the perfection of homiletic art. The sermon was as lucid as its plan was simple, and can be carried easily in memory for future use.

Mr. Robert White, who takes such a warm interest in our African mission, and who has been so helpful in the development of that mission, is an elder in Regent Square Church. It was my privilege to meet him in Edinburg, and when I met him again, as I did after service, in his own church, his cordial and generous greeting made me feel like I had found a brother indeed. He shows in his beaming face and in his whole bearing that he has the kind of religion that pays as it goes—the "hundred-fold more in this present time"—that does not wait for heaven in the bye and bye, but sets about making heaven here and now.

"Canon Henson will preach in St. Margaret's chapel at 7:00 p. m." Such was the announcement that caught my eye. Here was a combination that was hard to resist, a church of rare historic interest, and a preacher of fine brain and a noble heart. I did not try to resist it. Dr. Wells, my traveling companion, who

does not care to subject his piety to outside pressure, is strongly disposed to keep under the old blue banner. He is a safe man to have around; but after mature reflection, he concluded that we had been so well braced in the morning, we might risk something a little off color in the evening. I am not strong on the sentimentalities, but must confess to a rather peculiar sensation when I found myself seated in St. Margaret's chapel. It was in this spacious auditorium that the Westminster Assembly met on July 1, 1643, accompanied by both Houses of Parliament, to listen to the opening sermon by Dr. Twisse from John 14:18, "I will not leave you orphans." These walls echoed to the most prolonged, prolix, and prolific discussion of theological and ecclesiastical questions that belongs to the history of Protestantism. Here were born the doctrinal standards of all the Presbyterians of the world. Hence from this spot eminated influences that are to this day felt all around the world.

Canon Henson did by no means answer to my mental picture. I had supposed that a man who could utter such brave, strong words as he frequently utters must be a man of robust physique. Not so; he is frail and slender and his voice might almost be described as distressingly weak. One who was accustomed to hearing him said to me as I was entering the door, "You must go far up, or you will not be able to hear." Far up I went, and heard well, and heard something worth going far up to hear. I shall attempt no analysis of the sermon; like the sermon of the morning, it lifted up Christ, and made every lover of the truth feel his attractive power. Two things he urged in his application—stand by the teachings of Christ as these may be easily learned by any honest student of the New Testament; judge your fellowmen, not by theological and ecclesiastical tests, but by the test which the Master gave, "By their fruits ye shall know them." It was a sermon which dealt with fundamentals, and dealt with them in such a manner as to make his hearers feel the amazing difference between these and mere points of ritual or order which are too highly esteemed by many of his fellow churchmen. It was evident that he had an eye to partizan bigots who may be found in all the churches.

While Dr. Henson's voice is weak, it is exceptionally clear, and his articulation is perfect. His manner is deliberate, and his words are so well chosen, and his sentences so lucid that he is

easily understood by those at a great distance. He suggests the scholar, the habitually careful student by the rare felicity of his phrasing. He says precisely, even to the finest shading of thought, what he means, and he says it without the waste of a word. This, added to the intrinsic worth of his thought, constituted a charm that held every one in almost breathless attention. You could feel that the audience was listening with all its might, and you knew that it was richly rewarded for so doing.

It requires no little magnanimity on the part of a Presbyterian to speak in such unstinted praise of Canan Henson; for with all his acuteness of vision and breadth of sympathy, he can see very little beauty in Presbyterianism. In his "St. Margaret's Lectures," published in 1903, he gives reasons why the Presbyterian Church failed to become the national church after having been legalized as such by the Parliament in 1647. These reasons are not flattering to such as hold to the Presbyterian system. He charges Calvinism with breeding Antinomianism, precisely the same charge, you will recall, that was brought against it when Paul had to defend it. He further states that just at the moment when Presbyterianism was adopted by Parliament, its "Calvinistic theology was losing its hold on human intelligence." He sums up by saying, "Presbyterianism, in short, united the attributes of obsoleteness and arrogance." All of which shows that even those who see most clearly are still blind in spots. I find it possible to forgive the Canon when I read in the same Lectures the many hard and true things which he has said against his own church. If he is a little off touching the vital and virile theology of Presbyterianism, he evens up by being altogether on touching the lofty pretensions of high church Episcopacy.

In Rotterdam

THIS is the land of William the Silent, who, by the way, won his title not by taciturnity, but by knowing when to hold his tongue. Other countries have their heroes. Holland has her hero. She can point to many great men among her sons, men great in all spheres of human achievement, close rivals of the very greatest men of other countries, statesmen like Barneveldt, jurists like Grotius, soldiers like Maurice; but William the Silent stands apart, enthroned in solitary glory, and receiving a measure of homage seldom accorded to any man. In seeking a comparison, the mind at once reverts to our own George Washington; but in the course of our history other heroes have come to compete with Washington for first place in the hearts of his countrymen. Not so in the case of William, nor is it at all probable that the time will ever come when the name of any other will be mentioned in the same category with him. Great as were the services which Washington rendered to his country, great as were the hardships endured and the sacrifices made, these were not equal to what William did and endured for Holland. He raised and supported armies at his own expense, and through one of the fiercest wars ever waged, he braved all dangers, bore all trials, kept up heart and cheered on his compatriots, when scarcely a ray of hope shone in all the dark sky that hung like a pall over his beloved land for twelve long years. When at last the cloud parted and the sun of prosperity began to shed its joyful beams upon him, the hand of a dastardly assassin, hired by the royal despot, whose yoke William had broken, put an end to his glorious and triumphant career. Add to the sentiment which all our people cherish toward Washington, the sentiment which certain sections cherish toward Lincoln, and the combination may stand for the devotion of Holland to William the Silent.

This is not only the land of William the Silent, this is also the city of Erasmus. He was born, in a somewhat irregular way, in the city of Rotterdam, and remained here till he had an opportunity to get away. Like William in one respect, he had a glory that was all his own. During the first quarter of the Sixteenth

century he was the autocrat of letters for Western Christendom. Let it not be supposed that this was a slight honor—there were intellectual giants in those days. He was a contemporary of the famous Hebraist, John Reuchlin and the keen satirist, Ulrich von Hutten; he was the friend of John Colet and Thomas Moore; he lived till Melanchthon had won the title, "Preceptor of Germany," and in point of scholarship it meant something to outrank Martin Luther. But in the midst of these bright luminaries he shone with peerless lustre; there was no one to dispute his pre-eminence. The proudest monarchs sought the honor of his presence at their courts. He spent his declining years at Basel; where his home became the shrine of literary pilgrims. More homage was laid at his feet than was paid to any crowned head of his day. In his early life, when clothed in rags, he wrote to a friend, "As soon as I make some money I shall spend it first for Greek books and then for clothes." This explains what happened later.

Yet for all this, Erasmus did not win first honor. His posthumous fame has been eclipsed by that of Luther, and deservedly so. It came to be a saying that "Erasmus laid the egg that Luther hatched." That was just where Erasmus missed it—he ought to have hatched his own egg. Instead of doing so, he tried to drive Luther off the nest, while Luther was hatching it. Erasmus lacked the courage of his convictions, and so failed to reach the acme of fame, that was in reach, by refusing to brave the risk of martyrdom. He suffered the heroic Luther to take his crown. Nevertheless, I went yesterday and stood with reverence before his statue that stands in the heart of his native city, and is one of the monuments of which his countrymen are proud. It is a bronze statue on a large granite pedestal. He stands with an open book in hand, and seems absorbed in it to the utter forgetfulness of the world around him. A stone's throw away stands the house in which he was born, on which the fact is stated in Latin: "Haec est parva domus, magnus qua natus Erasmus."

The first Sunday on the Continent overtook us here in Rotterdam. Travelers who wish to keep the Sabbath "by an holy resting all that day," find no difficulty about it. The day comes with perfect regularity in all foreign countries, and there is not only no law against its observance, but special inducements are offered, especially to English-speaking travelers who can usually find a convenient place of worship where the service is conducted

in their own language. Our little party of four went in the morning to the Scotch church, and heard a sermon from an Irish Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. Brown. It was a capital sermon, characterized by freshness of thought, piquancy of expression and practicalness of matter. After the worship we met Dr. Brown and found him as charming in conversation as he had been edifying in preaching.

This Scotch church dates from 1643, the year of the opening of the Westminster Assembly. Those familiar with the religious conditions of that time will not need to be told that it was founded by permission of Holland, to meet the wants of the many persecuted saints of Scotland who found here a blessed refuge. At a little later period, when Charles II, and afterwards his brother, James II, were trying, by the use of the thumbscrew and the boot, the rack and the halter, to teach the obstinate Covenanters the beauty and excellence of Episcopacy, so many of them sought safety in Holland that this church needed the services of two pastors. Now the membership numbers only fifty, and most of these are Dutch. It is worthy of notice, however, that with so small a membership, the church has a Sabbath school of one hundred and fifty, reminding us that this is a country of old-fashioned families, a country that is not, up to the present writing, threatened with race suicide. I was told that a family of eight and ten children is too common to attract attention. This is something for which we Presbyterians of America should be especially grateful. Holland is so little that it cannot hold many people, and it is constantly sending its over-production to enrich the church life of American Presbyterianism.

At night our party divided, and two of us sought to worship in the Delfhaven Kirk. This is the church where nearly three hundred years ago John Robinson held his last service with his devoted flock before a part of them turned their faces to the New World. We failed to find the church where we had expected, and so began to seek for some one who could speak English. We asked a number, who promptly answered "nach," but finally we hit upon one who said he could speak English a "leetle." I said, "Pilgrim's Kirk." He looked bewildered. I repeated it slowly, and said a few other things that I hoped might aid the idea in getting in. At length a look of intelligence came into his eyes, and he started off, signing us to follow. This we did, down one street, around the corner, through another street out onto the commons with

nothing in front and on two sides of us but canals. He waved his arms, and said, as nearly as I could make it out, "this the Kirkeron." I saw then that the idea failed to get in, he did not know what we wanted. I tried to make him understand that he did not understand, and that I could not understand, and I should be glad if we could now separate without any misunderstanding. He looked crestfallen, led the way back in silence to our starting point, where with many thanks for his kind intentions we bade him good night.

It was getting late, and we turned into the first church that offered itself. It was a large church with deep galleries, and was well filled upstairs and downstairs. The service was already under way. As it was in the Dutch language, the collection was the only part of the worship that wore a familiar look. I thought at first that I understood what a church collection meant even in Dutch, and that I could participate in it as easily as the rest of the congregation, but it soon appeared that I was mistaken. They lifted three contributions without giving us a breathing spell, or making any apology. I bore an humble part in the first, but the second collector came before the first had gone more than two or three pews beyond us. I gave him a negative response, at which he seemed a bit hurt and disappointed. Hardly had he gotten out of reach before the third came, and I had to hunt for a piece of small change for him. It occurred to me that this was rather overdoing a good thing. But we were not yet through with this part of the worship. While the last hymn was being sung, just before the doxology, a venerable man walked down each aisle, with a collection plate in his hand and stationed himself at the door to collect any lingering pennies that might still remain in reluctant pockets. Four collections in one service is somewhat exhausting to one not used to it. What was equally as remarkable as the number of collections was the fact that every man, woman and child, so far as I could observe, and I made a point of observing, contributed to every collection, unless perchance some missed the last one at the door. They not only contributed, but they did it in the easiest, most matter of fact way, generally without even looking up from their hymn books. It really seemed to be automatic with them, a kind of second nature. What made it the more remarkable, the congregation was evidently made up, mostly, if not exclusively, of poor people. The marvel has dimin-

ished to some extent since I have become acquainted with the currency of the country. They have a coin equivalent to one-fifth of a cent in our money. By judicious management three cents would enable a father and mother and three children to contribute individually to each of the three regular collections. Obviously there is a close and vital connection between the smallness of the coin and the number of collections, but which is cause and which effect, I am not able to say.

Another peculiarity about this service was that we had two sermons, both by the same preacher. When he concluded the first discourse, he gave out a hymn. I supposed this was preliminary to the end. But when the hymn was through, the congregation leaned back and fitted their shoulders to the bench as if for something else. Then the preacher got up, and as far as one could judge from sound and gesture, exactly duplicated the first performance. When through the second sermon, he offered prayer and with another hymn brought the generous service to a close, except the parting collection at the door.

I would not be outdone, so started afresh this morning in pursuit of the Pilgrim's Church; and this time I found it, and discovered that my unknown friend, who could speak English "a leetle," had led me within a few yards of it the night before. A dear old lady, rendered complacent by the customary twenty-five cents, showed me through the church and gave me much interesting information. "Here is where the fraus sit, and over here is where the men sit. You see the different kind of foot-warmers," calling our attention to little wooden foot-stools with holes in the top and one side open to receive the hot bricks. That is the only heat they have in the church, even when the ice is thick enough on the canals for skating. The foot-warmers for the men were much larger than those for the fraus, and were shaped somewhat differently.

On one wall, I noticed a rock in a neat frame. On the rock there is an inscription, stating that it was from the Pilgrim's Church in Chicago. The two churches swapped rocks, the church in Chicago got one from this church to build into the wall. In another place is a framed tablet sent from the Pilgrim's Church in Massachusetts, with an inscription telling of the gratitude felt toward Holland for the help she had given in laying the foundations of the republic in the New World.

Just in front of this church is a canal in which the Speedwell was moored when she received on board William Brewster and his companions to bear them to Southampton, England, where they were transferred to the Mayflower. What befell them after that the world knows. The day that John Robinson knelt on the sands at Delfthaven and committed a part of his divided flock to the keeping of God as they set forth to find a home in an unknown land, marked an epoch in the forward march of human liberty.

More About Holland

OF course, all my readers know that Holland is a country of dykes, and canals, and windmills, a country where the land is lower than the water, and where in consequence boats may be seen sailing along above the fields that are cultivated on either side of the water-way. But perhaps some readers may not know that in Holland dogs are harnessed up like horses, hitched to carts and made to assist in carrying on the traffic of the country. While cherishing a warm regard for pointers and setters, and St. Bernards, and Mastiffs, and such like dogs of aristocratic breeding, I have been accustomed to look upon mere dogs, just plain, ordinary curs, as worthless cumberers of the ground. Now I wish to take off my hat to the Hollanders for discovering a way to make this idle and disreputable class of dogs pay for their keep. You will see in the morning market-carts. loaded with vegetables, or milk-carts, filled with shining cans, rattling on their way, some with one, some with two, and some with three dogs hitched to them, while a man, or perchance a woman holds the handles of the cart to guide it, to help in time of emergency and to see that Mr. Doggie does his duty. I would not be understood as approving the part that woman plays in the program. It offends the sentiment of chivalry, which is the birth-heritage of every true American, to see a woman working in partnership with a dog; but barring this point, it is a great satisfaction to see the kind of dogs that in other countries are trifling loafers, offensive parasites, or miserable vagabonds, here put to profitable use. Speaking of women, they are given a wide scope for outdoor exercise. They are permitted to plow and hoe, and reap and mow, and gather in the hay. In all these healthful forms of manual exercise, they seem to enjoy even larger privileges than do the men. Obviously in these European countries woman has anticipated her American sisters in coming into full possession of her rights. She is given the right to do everything that man does. and in addition to this, a very great deal that man leaves undone.

Belgium and Holland are alike in their natural features. They together constitute what was once known as the Netherlands, the lowlands. They are threaded by rivers, cut in every direc-

tion by canals, and the water is led from these by ditches through the farms; so there is never any lack of moisture, and as the soil is very fertile, all kinds of crops grow in rank luxuriance. Oats are just now in full head, and the wheat fields are beginning to take on a tinge of yellow; but it will be several weeks yet before harvest. An abundance of hay is grown, clover and grass of various kinds. Much of the clover has purple blooms, some yellow blooms. The grass is being harvested at this time. There is so much rain, that curing it is a serious problem. The farmers keep turning it and throwing it about until it seems they would almost wear it out; but they manage to get it put up in good condition, and it is used to feed a great number of cattle through the winter. One is surprised to see so much land, in this small country, where land is so precious, given up to grazing purposes. There are few sheep, fewer goats, not many horses, but cattle by the thousand, mostly milk cows, and principally of the Holstein breed. It is to be remembered that this is the land of Dutch cheese. I may remark, by way of parenthesis, that it was my privilege today to see the well-known and well-beloved Edam cheese in process of making. I may as well extend the parenthesis to say that it was in Broek where I saw the cheese-making, Broek, the "Spotless Town" which is made to do duty in advertising Sapolio. But this is apart from my theme—I was speaking of agriculture. So many people live here that of necessity the farms are small, and for the same reason, and also for the reason that the women are so fond of outdoor exercise, they are cultivated like gardens. One sees so few weeds that he almost forgets how they look. Next to wheat and grass, perhaps the most valuable crop grown here is Irish potatoes. Ireland has lost its supremacy, if it ever had it, as respects this most substantial and universally popular edible. It is far outstripped both by Scotland and Holland. The Irish potato has largely supplanted bread in these countries as the staff of life. The more you pull at their tough, cold baker's bread, the more you are not surprised at this, and the more you are reconciled when they expect you to eat potatoes and not bread with the meat courses. In other words, the more you see of the kind of bread that is set before you three times a day, the more you love Irish potatoes. Turnips and beets are grown extensively as field-crops, the one for feeding cattle, the other for making sugar. It goes without saying that cab-

bage is much in evidence, and will be ready by winter to furnish the sour-kraut which is so essential to a Dutchman's happiness. Cauliflower, lettuce and beans generally figure in your bill of fare. Mark Twain has defined cauliflower as "cabbage that has received a college education." The beans are large and fine looking, but have a decidedly foreign flavor, against which my patriotic American taste promptly rebels.

There is little fruit raised in this flat country, occasionally an apple tree is seen, never a peach tree. I saw some fine grapes, and desiring more intimate acquaintance with them, learned that two small bunches cost twenty cents. They had a delicious flavor, but it seemed prudent not to risk eating too many. They were raised in a hot house, and it is always wise economy not to indulge very freely in fruit thus raised.

Why is it that we do not find uniformity among civilized nations in matters of common utility. Here in Holland, for example, they put a short tongue to the wagon, and hitch the horses to the end of it. If this is the best method, why has it not found its way to other countries? If it is not the best method, why does not Holland learn to make a long tongue and hitch the horses on either side of it? Take the street cars as another example. In our country, you pay a nickle whether you ride two blocks or two miles, and you get no receipt for your fare. In England, if you ride only a short distance you pay a half-penny, and the conductor gives you a receipt with the amount stamped on it. If you are going a greater distance you pay a penny, and so on up to five pennies, and always you are given a receipt for the amount you have paid. In Holland, the straight fare is three cents, and here as in England a receipt is given. By paying one cent more than the straight fare, you can get a "retour" ticket, and which you keep and it is good for a ride on any car at any time on the day of purchase. In neither England nor Holland do they give a transfer ticket as is done in our country. The point we make is that some one of the methods is the best; or the best could be devised by picking out the good points in each. Why do not civilized nations, in this day of constant international intercourse, profit by each other's experience and reach uniformity in the best that all have helped to develop? What is the sense in clinging to something that is defective simply because it is distinctively national?

Of course nations do borrow from each other to some extent, and there is a process of assimilation to a common type going on from generation to generation. Holland is not what is was only a few years ago. Its chief cities are modern to all intents and purposes, and the people seen in their streets present nothing peculiar or distinctive in appearance. To see Holland as it used to be, and the Hollanders as we learned to know them in the old picture books, one must take a day off while in Amsterdam and make a visit to the fishing villages on the coasts of the Zuyderzee and in the Islands of Marken. Here you will see the people in the same outlandish costumes that were worn by their ancestors in the days of William the Silent—the men in wide, baggy trousers, and the women in bright colored waists, and short stuffy skirts, and all, from the least to the greatest, bumping around in big, clumsy, wooden shoes, with headgear of such various patterns as to defy description. But even these people are no longer the simple children of nature which their antiquated customs and costumes would indicate. For many seasons tourists have been visiting them for the sole purpose of looking on their grotesque and picturesque ugliness. They have learned that their antique rigging makes them objects of interest, and their consequent pride in it is perfectly manifest. They are eagerly waiting the daily droves of sight-seers, who never fail them from the first of June to the last of September. They all have themselves in readiness to be looked at; the women and children swarm down to the boat-landing, and from the time you set foot on shore till you leave, picture cards and other souvenirs are thrust into your face. The old men, arrayed in their most dilapidated garments and looking their worst, are conveniently grouped for the kodak artist, knowing that he will be along to take a shot at them, and then to thrust a few pennies into their hands for being so accommodatingly and incredibly homely. I soon felt a rising disgust and it grew on me, until I was easily able to tell those people goodbye without shedding a tear, though knowing that I should see their faces no more. They have no higher ambition, and scarcely any other aim in life than to furnish the material of a cheap show. They are no longer real and natural, but are keeping up the tawdry semblance of a past that is forever gone.

Don't smoke. My landlady in Dublin, reckless of my own views on the subject, said to me with considerable emphasis in

her tones, that she regarded smoking as a filthy habit. As I had not the courage to challenge her opinion, I felt constrained by consistency to say, don't smoke. But if you will smoke and must smoke, Holland is the place for you. You can buy a fairly good cigar for two cents, and for six cents you can smoke like a millionaire. The reason for such cheap luxury is that Holland has free trade, and consequently the cigar-makers can import Havana tobacco cheaply. Then Holland owns Sumatra, which raises the best cigar wrappers, used by cigar-makers the world over. As you lean back in a comfortable chair and revel in the delights of a "two-for," you form a fresh resolution never to let up in the warfare against those tariff laws that deprive you of such happiness in your own country. In order to enjoy any permanent advantages from these cheap cigars, you have to remain in Holland. The custom officers are waiting all around the borders of this favored little land to search your baggage, to see that you carry with you no more cigars than you can carry in your pockets.

From Antwerp to Strassburg

AN easy way to reach Holland from London is to cross to Ostend, go from there to Brussels, from Brussels to Antwerp, and then you are in a stone's throw of Holland. You want to spend the night at Antwerp and hear the chime of ninety-nine bells ringing out from the steeple of the Cathedral every seven and a half minutes, reserving their most elaborate and artistic touches for the hour stroke. You will wish to climb this Cathedral tower when you read of what an extensive view can be had from the top. But after you have lifted yourself up 512 steps, the world will possess so little interest for you that you will not much care whether you see a big piece of it or a small piece. You must try to reserve strength enough to take a good look at this venerable sanctuary. It was once the center of a very animated scene. In the year 1566, the people who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and who for so doing had suffered every form of violence at the hands of Charles V and Phillip II, suddenly grew bold, and gave vent to their long smothered and outraged feelings in a fierce outburst of iconoclasm. They gathered up axes, hammers, clubs and just any old thing that could be used to smash an image; and after clearing out the idols from a number of less important churches, they assaulted this great Cathedral of Antwerp, famed for its collection of sacred paintings and statuary. In a little while, they made kindling wood out of its altars, and all sorts of debris out of its pictures and statues and statuettes and various forms of carved images. Never were beauty and splendor more marred, and all out of a good motive, for the glory of God in the purifying of His house and worship. But sorely the poor people had to pay for it. King Phillip made it the occasion of sending the Duke of Alva with ten thousand veteran troops to convert the Netherlands into a veritable hell on earth. As you stand today in front of the Cathedral and see the scores of statues filling all the old niches, and hundreds of carved images adorning, or rather disfiguring, every part of the wonderful facade, and then pass within and see the highly ornamented altars, with their crucifixes and Madonnas, and candles burning before them, and numbers of worshippers

coming and bowing before their favorite shrines and counting their beads, you feel that there is need of another house-cleaning. The need, however, is deeper—the deluded people need to have their hearts cleansed from idolatry, and their eyes opened to understand that God is a Spirit and is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not by these lying vanities, the works of men's hands.

If your interest centers in religious history and in the effort of man to free himself from both political and religious thraldom, you will wish to spend a little while in Leyden. Two things there will claim your attention. One is the "Burg," a large mound in the heart of the city, with a high castellated wall around the summit of it. As you stand on that wall, you may know that you stand where in 1574 stood men of mould as heroic as ever lifted sword in defence of human rights. "They counted not their lives dear unto themselves," but braved death in its most frightful forms rather than surrender their city into the power of those who had but recently, in the neighboring city of Harlem, dyed their hands in the blood of treacherously murdered women and children. It was on that wall that the dauntless Van der Werf, mayor of the city, and his little band stood waiting day by day, week by week, for supplies while their families were dying of starvation, and their own ranks were being constantly thinned by the same process; and all the while they were hurling defiance in the face of their confident foes. If there is one spot that has been consecrated to human freedom by a sanctity greater than that which attaches to any other spot, it is the "Burg" in Leyden.

The other place you must visit is John Robinson's Church. Perhaps there are some readers who will not recall on the spur of the moment who John Robinsn was and what he did. For their sakes, those to whom the history is familiar will forgive a brief narrative. John Robinson was the pastor of a Congregational, or Independent church in Scrooby, England. In his day it was not permitted people to be independent, and so he and his good people endured much persecution at the hands of the English government under the rule of James I. To escape from present ills, and to avoid worse to come, John Robinson and his congregation picked up bag and baggage in 1608 and went over to Holland, where, under the protecting wing of a liberal Presbyterian

government, they could enjoy the privilege of worshipping as they wished. For a number of years they lived at Leyden, and a church was put at their service. This is the church you are to visit, and you will be surprised, or ought to be, to see what a magnificent church it is. I had supposed that these strangers from England would be stuck off in a corner, and given a church something like one of our modern mission chapels. But not a bit of it. John Robinson's Church is the biggest church in the city, and twice as big as the biggest churches in most of our Southern cities. Of course, he preached to more than his own people in this tremendous house. He was a man of extraordinary parts, and the Dutch were glad to make use of him. When he and his own people wished to have a service all to themselves, a small chapel accommodated them.

In 1620, John Robinson and his congregation concluded to move again, not that they were dissatisfied with their Dutch neighbors, or the treatment received at the hands of the government; but they knew if they stayed there, in a generation or two their descendants would all be Dutch, and they did not wish to become extinct by any such transformation. So about half of them set sail in the Mayflower, under their Ruling Elder, William Brewster, and in the course of time landed at Plymouth Rock, and have to this day been known as the Pilgrim Fathers, though many of them and no doubt the best of them were pilgrim mothers. Robinson and those who remained behind intended to follow them, but never did. He died in 1625, and it was my privilege to pay a tribute to his memory by standing with uncovered head at the slab in one corner of this church, beneath which his remains lie buried. The house in which he lived stands just across the street, and a tablet, on the side of the house, bears his name.

An easy way to leave Holland is to take a train from Amsterdam to Cologne, and then board a steamer for a ride up the Rhine. You will rearch Cologne in time to see the Cathedral before night. This is the only object in Cologne that you need to see—this one is enough. In fact, this is the only Cathedral that you ever need to see. Had Hawthorne seen this, he never would have said of York Minster, "It is the most wonderful work that ever came from the hand of man." Standing before the imposing front, with its lofty portals, and its twin towers,

lifting their tapering and graceful spires almost out of sight, I could think of nothing that would more accurately express my sentiments than the letter written home from Niagara by a school girl: "Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!!" On going within and looking at the forest of pillars, the maze of arches, and up through one hundred and forty-five feet of space to the decorated ceiling of the nave, I knew how the Queen of Sheba felt when she looked on the splendors of Solomon's court until "there was no more spirit in her." This grandest Gothic building in the world was begun in 1248, and young as I am, I can remember well the consecration services held in 1883 to signalize its completion. Thus you see it was over six hundred years in building. The wonder as you look upon it is, not that it took so long, but that it ever was finished.

There are other things about this Cathedral besides its marvellous riches and beauty. For example, the reliquary in the chapel of the Three Kings contains the bones of the Magi, the three wise men from the east who came to worship Christ. Some persons may be skeptical touching this matter, but no concessions can be made to incredulity. It is explained that these bones were brought to Constantinople by the Empress Helena. As she lived only three hundred years after the death of the Magi, she could easily have recognized them by their bones, and she would not have carried any bones about the country, but such as were in good and regular standing. While looking at this reliquary you can stand on the grave of Mary de Medici, the wife of one king, the mother of another, but who died in poverty and exile, and lies buried beneath a slab in the floor of this Cathedral.

You leave in the morning at 9:00 o'clock for Mayence by steamer up the Rhine. If the mosquitoes bother you, it may be as well to catch an earlier train at 6:15, and the charge will be two marks less. That is the price they make you pay for indulging in a morning nap. Whichever boat you take, you will get your money's worth. In looking on the Rhine as it runs in a little dark line across the map of Germany, I had not done it justice. It is a noble river. At the point where Julius Caesar built his bridge, it is about one-fourth of a mile wide, swift and deep. Building that bridge was a difficult undertaking, and must have cost Caesar almost as much trouble as it costs the average school boy to read Caesar's description of it.

The scenery along the Rhine is very varied, offering many peaceful landscapes of great beauty, and presenting some pictures of rugged grandeur, high hills buttressed with munitions of rocks and crowned with the ruins of Medieval castles. These precipitous, rocky hillsides are covered with vineyards. Nothing was more interesting than these impossible vineyards, often clinging to almost perpendicular cliffs, where you would think a goat could not climb without serious peril to his life. Yet the vines looked thrifty with no soil in sight to nourish them. You could see men and women crawling up between the rows to cultivate them, and the marvel was that they did not fall out backwards and break their necks.

You can spend the night at Mayence, leave after a late breakfast and reach Heidelberg in plenty of time. If you happen to know anything about some of the princes of the Palatinate, you will respect Heidelberg as the capital of their State, and you will also respect its noble university connected in history with the Heidelberg Catechism, one of the most popular and widely accepted statements of Calvinistic doctrine published during the Reformation period. The only thing you care to see is the Castle, and after you have seen it, you will soon forget whether it was in Heidelberg or Scotland, unless you happen to recall that it is in the basement of this Castle where one may see the largest wine cask in the world. It has no wine in it, probably never had, though it is capable of holding 49,000 gallons. Most persons would prefer a cask with less capacity and more wine.

We had planned to spend Sunday in Heidelberg, but having a little time to spare after doing the Castle, we concluded to slip over to Strassburg, and spend Sunday where the exiled Calvin gathered a congregation of French refugees into a church, which probably was formed on the Presbyterian plan, and if so was the first Presbyterian church of modern times. Our decision proved a wise one, for Strassburg is the most attractive city that we have yet seen in Europe, with its massive and handsome public buildings, its broad, clean streets, and its pretty shade trees. We were disappointed, however, in being unable to find a church in which worship was conducted in English. We went to a nearby and beautiful Lutheran church, a garrison church in which a regiment of soldiers worshipped. We were told that the service began at 11:00 a. m., but going at that hour, we found the ser-

mon far on toward finality. When the service was over and the soldiers in their shining helmets had marched away, we strolled around to the old Cathedral, keeping our consciences somewhat in the dark about our real purpose, which was not to worship. Dr. Wells was with us, and he has a very troublesome conscience to manage—it never seems to recognize the difference between at home and abroad. But we were helpless so far as concerned the duty or the privilege of public worship. No matter where we went, we could understand nothing; so, on the whole, it seemed fairly excusable to go around to the Cathedral and see the famous old astronomical clock perform. Gentle reader, if you are not up on this clock in the Strassburg Cathedral, I refer you to the nearest Encyclopedia as I can not go into detail. The clock goes through its entire program of attractions only at 12:00 o'clock. So we managed to get into the church and gradually work our way around to a good point of observation before the noon hour. The Catholics were engaged in worship, but the church was thronged with sight-seers, most of them, no doubt, like ourselves, from America. The presence of sight-seers seems not to disturb Catholic worshippers. They have evidently grown used to it, and they go on with their genuflections, their crossing, and their bead-countings as if no one were looking on. Promptly to the minute the clock began to perform. One little man, perched on a balcony struck a bell twelve times; the twelve apostles, on a higher balcony, slowly marched around the figure of Christ; a cock, on the right hand tower of the clock, flapped his wings, reared back, stretched his neck and crowed as if he had overslept himself, and must put more energy than usual into his voice; the cock crowed three times, with short intervals between, and did himself credit each time. This was not a very edifying church service, but it was not lacking in interest. It rained at night, and we imitated most of the good people at home by remaining in our room.

Switzerland, Especially Geneva

AT last I have reached the terminus ad quem, the end of my journey, the shrine of my pilgrimage, the home of Calvin. How different the outward appearance of things from the mental picture which I have been carrying for years. I had thought of Geneva as shut in by lake and mountain; but far from it. Coming from Berne, by way of Lausanne, one approaches Geneva through a beautiful farming country, skirting Lake Leman. Fertile fields with their ripening harvests, pretty homes in the midst of a profusion of brilliant flowers, gardens and orchards, all lent their charm to the scene. The country in the neighborhood of Geneva is gently undulating. The city lies at the foot of Lake Leman, where the lake gradually tapers to a point and pours its blue waters into the rapid, rushing river Rhone. To the east of the city there is a chain of mountains, but they are not high, nor do they present a striking appearance. Neither lake nor mountain dominates the landscape that environs Geneva. The city spreads itself out easily in every direction, and is girt about by lands that furnish its people an abundant food supply. The Rhone is by far the most conspicuous and impressive natural object. It cuts the city into two parts, and is spanned by numerous bridges, against the pillars and abutments of which it hurls its swift current with tremendous force. This river furnishes the power to light the city, to run all its factories, and has an abundance of power going to waste.

It is a mistake to suppose that Switzerland is all mountain, that it just exists to furnish a basis for the Alps. It has many wide spreading valleys, and is a country where agriculture is carried on extensively. It raises much fruit, principally pears and cherries. It is a favorite home of the bee, and the Swiss bee knows how to make honey. Cattle and sheep abound, but at this season of the year not many of them are seen. I had about reached the conclusion that there were none in the country, and was wondering where the milk and cheese came from. Happening on a landlady of intelligence and affability, who spoke English fluently, I sought information on this point as well as on

some others. She told me that the sheep and cattle were grazing far up the mountains just under the snow line, and that they would be coming down by the thousand in the beginning of winter. Later on it was my privilege to ascend the mountains, and sure enough I saw numerous herds of both sheep and cattle feeding on the rich pasture that pushes up to the very fringe of the snow. There are shepherds to care for them. They build little stables in which the herds are sheltered from the chilly rains, and the frequent snow storms which occur in that high altitude even in summer.

Taking Switzerland so far as I have seen it, and I have traveled over a considerable part of it, there is a striking resemblance between most of its scenery and that with which I have been familiar all my life in my own greatly favored land of East Tennessee. Of course, East Tennessee lacks the Alps, but barring this slight difference, it can easily hold its own in natural beauty with Switzerland. This is saying nothing in disparagement of Switzerland.

The cities of Switzerland are remarkably attractive in appearance. Zurick, Lucerne, Brienz, Interlaken, Lansanne and Geneva are all situated on lakes, famous the world over for their surpassing loveliness. Berne, the capital of the Republic, has no lake, but it has the swiftly flowing Aare, spanned by graceful bridges, and surrounding hills of commanding altitude, to make amends for the absence of lakes.

In Zurick, I visited the church in which Ulrich Zwingle preached the evangelical doctrines with such demonstrative reasoning and such pursuasive eloquence as to swing this canton into the ranks of the Reformation. Next to Luther he was the greatest figure among the first generation of Reformers. He was richly endowed by nature, having a handsome face, an imposing presence and fine gifts of oratory. He was affable in his bearing, easily accessible to all classes. A Roman Catholic historian writes of him that he invited the country people to his table, "and then walked with them, and talked with them about God and put the devil in their hearts." It can at least be said in rejoinder that what he put in their hearts was a great improvement on what was in there before. Zwingle's noble life came to a tragic end on the battlefield of Cappell, in the forty-eighth year of his age, but he left a permanent impress on the future of his country. As a preacher, a reformer, a patriot and statesman, he is

coming to be accounted by careful students the most splendid man that Switzerland has produced. His church, considered architecturally, compares poorly with the historic Cathedrals of Europe, but as a preaching place it surpasses them. It is a plain, rectangular building, capable of seating a thousand or twelve hundred people, and but for a number of large pillars supporting the roof would be a first-class auditorium. For pews it has severely plain pine benches, with one slender plank for a back. The tower is homely and unpretentious, interesting only for the reason that high upon one of its ledges is a sitting statue of Charlemaque. Notwithstanding all his greatness and deserved fame, if this statue does him justice, he looked like a common, beer-drinking Dutchman. A fine bronze statue of Zwingle stands at the end of the Wasser Kirche, a building across the street from his old church, and now used for a public library.

The ride from Zurick to Lucerne is a constant delight to the eye; after reaching Lucerne, a ride around the lake, the most beautiful of all the Swiss lakes, with the Rigi on one side and the loftier Pilatus on the other, is a still further delight, is in fact a perfect feast to both eyes. It is all this on a rainy day, and I can only imagiine what it must be on a fair day. You get back from your trip around the lake in time to go on before night to Brienz; and you find the further you go the better it gets. You cross the Brunig Pass, reaching the altitude of 3,295 feet, whence you descend into the Aare Valley, through which you travel six or seven miles to its terminus at Brienz. Here you spend the night, and the next morning you ascend the Rothorn. Be thankful if it is a clear morning, such as fell to my lot. It is an easy task before you. All you have to do is to step into a train which runs on a track with a cog-rail in the center. A stout little engine gets behind and pushes you up and up through tunnels, across gorges, around jutting cliffs, close to water falls, and at the end of one and three-fourth hours deposits you safely on top. Then what a view! You can almost see over into the other world. In the foreground are Lake Lucerne and Lake Brienz, and in the background, sweeping from east to west in crescent shape, their immaculate peaks silhouetted against the blue sky, are the Bernese Oberland, the great range of the Swiss Alps. If only you had an aeroplane and knew how to fly! But you can only look, and having seen the Alps at a distance you are impatient to

get a nearer view. So you descend, and boarding a beautiful little boat on Lake Brienz, you steam away to Interlaken, and there you stand face to face with the Jungfrau, "Queen of the Alps." You spend the night at Interlaken, and take a train the next morning to ascend into the region of perpetual snow—the same kind of train that is used at the Rothorn. Again be thankful for such a fair morning as I had. The train starts at 9:10, and after circling among the foothills for a time, passing near the waterfall of Murren, 900 feet high, it makes a direct assault on the mighty giants before it. Up, and up, and still up, the good engine urges you, the last few miles through a tunnel cut into the solid rock; and finally when you have been lifted to an altitude of 10,370 feet, the train stops, and you step out into a large room hewn out of the rock, and passing along a gallery about twenty feet long, you confront a broad opening, and look out on a world of dazzling whiteness, snow fields above you, snow fields below you, snow fields on every side of you. You are looking out through a cleft, made by the hand of man, in the towering, apparently inaccessible wall of Mt. Eiger. Immediately to your left is Mt. Monk, and just beyond is Jungfrau, all in easy speaking distance, and all lifting their proud heads more than 13,000 feet above sea level. A long gallery, like everything else hereabouts, hewn through the rock, leads down a slant two or three hundred feet, where you can step out on the snow, and walk about in it and get your feet wet and catch cold. If you wish to do something more desperate, the guides are there, waiting with ropes to tie you around the middle, and lead you across wild wastes and up dizzy heights until something happens, or until you get satisfied. My shoes were too thin, and I had to be prudent.

Why do not these snows melt? This July sun is hot enough to melt them. The reason is that so much snow falls during the winter that the sun does not have time to melt it all; and so the next winter begins with a remnant left over, and of course, the next summers's sun has a bigger task than ever. A harder question is, why does not the snow go on accumulating from year to year and build up the mountains higher and higher ad infinitum? The only answer that occurs to me is that such a result is prevented by the avalanches and the movement of the glaciers. I would ask Dr. Wells about this, but he would give me a profound scientific explanation that would spoil this letter. Dr. Wells is

nothing less than a prodigy in the way of furnishing reasons and explanations. He finds in me a needy subject, and an easy victim, and I am coming to entertain a suspicion, which I dare not breathe to him, that he furnishes explanations in cases where he doesn't know just as promptly and positively and gravely as in cases where he does know. However this may be, he has been a great comfort and help to me in every time of need. But coming back to our exalted station in the rocky heart of Mt. Eiger—we are at the present terminus of the Jungfrau R. R.; but it is projected to the top of the Jungfrau, and its construction is proceeding as rapidly as they can bore their way through the rock. It is proposed to carry passengers to a point where they can step into an elevator and be lifted 240 feet, and placed on the loftiest pinnacle of the haughty Jungfrau. This is certainly one of the boldest engineering conceptions of our wonderful age, and its realization in the near future is assured.

Owing to the limitation on my time and especially my purse, I am constrained to break off my exploration of the Alps, and hurry on to Geneva for Sunday. Since Calvin's day Geneva has grown from a little city of 15,000 population to a great city of 110,000. It looks new and modern; its streets are clean; its buildings substantial and handsome; and its many little parks are gems. Dr. Philip Schaff, who was a native of Switzerland, testifies that "If ever in this wicked world the ideal of a Christian society was realized, it was by Geneva from the middle of the Sixteenth to the middle of the Eighteenth century." To this day the city is characterized by a high tone of morals and an air of culture and good breeding. I visited the tomb of the man to whom Geneva is indebted for its pre-eminence in these respects. His tomb was found in an obscure spot of the Plain-Palais cemetery. It is marked by a small stone, not more than eight inches high, on top of which the two letters J. C. are carved. This is the only inscription. The grave had to wait three centuries for this little stone to mark it, and this stone was put there by the hand of foreigners. Never did so lofty a genius sleep in so lowly a grave. Never did so great a benefactor suffer such sad neglect. Contrast this with another monument in a different part of the city—a monument erected to honor the memory of the Duke of Brunswick. This monument stands in one of the most conspicuous places, and by the side of one of the most thronged thor-

oughfares of the city. It towers to an imposing height, and money and art have been lavished on it, to attract to it the admiration of all beholders. Who was the Duke of Brunswick? What did he do? I know not who he was and am not ashamed of my ignorance. He cut no figure in history, but he gave four millions of dollars to Geneva. For this gift of money he has been honored with a monument costing half a million; while the man who, by the splendor of his genius, the sanctity of his character, and the unselfish labors of his devoted life, made Geneva famous for its moral beauty in the eyes of all the world, and who stamped a beneficent impress on it that lasts to this day, has been permitted to sleep for four hundred years in an unknown grave. The stone, bearing his initials, was planted at a guess. Calvin's grave was lost. Jean Jacques Rousseau has a handsome bronze statue; and a beautiful island in the Rhone on which the statue stands is named for him. Servetus, the scoffing heretic, whom the city fathers burnt, despite the earnest entreaties of Calvin, has a statue erected to his honor. But the one man most entitled to honor, on the score of greatness, on the score of goodness, and on the score of blessings conferred, has been left by Geneva to moulder into dust without even a plain slab to tell the world that he ever lived, labored or died. I confess to a choking sensation in my throat as I stood by the lonely little stone that tells the pathetic story of a lost grave, and at the same time bears perpetual testimony to the strange ingratitude of this highly favored city.

My prime object in this letter was to tell about my Sunday in Geneva, but I have wandered far afield and consumed all my space. I will only record that I worshipped in the chapel of the Maccabees, attached to St. Peter's Cathedral, Calvin's church, our worship being led by an excellent minister of the Church of Scotland.

A Short Stay in Paris

OF all the countries of Europe, France has the advantage geographically. It has fine harbors, good rivers, a wide, spreading territory, diversified by hills and valleys and mountains, and possesses a climate from semi-tropical in the South to bracing temperate in the North. Soil and topography and climate combine to make it a splendid country for agriculture. It grows a great variety of fruits—oranges, olives, peaches, apples, plums and pears can be raised in any quantity. All the staple farm products flourish. It is the only country in Europe in which I have seen fields of Indian corn. Yet for all this, evidences of rural prosperity are wanting. Passing from Switzerland to France, one notes a contrast not favorable to the latter country. The farms are not so carefully tilled, there are more waste lands, old fields grown up in bushes, ragged fence-rows, and the homes of the rural population lack, the paint, the touch of freshness, the neat yards and pretty flower plots that suggest thrift and prosperity.

One gets a vivid impression by a short stay in Paris that France still worships at the shrine of Napoleon Bonaparte. He is the nation's one great hero, the evidence of which fact is seen on every side. His statue surmounts a column in the Place Vendome. This lofty column is made of the cannons captured by Napoleon in his Italian campaign. The Arc of Triumph also commemorates his victories. On its sides are groups representing his campaigns, and the names of nearly one hundred and fifty battles are inscribed on its vault. His tomb is in the crypt under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides. It is by far the most magnificent mausoleum I have ever seen. Adjoining this crypt is a chapel, in which are the tombs of all his leading generals. Both in the crypt, surrounding the tomb, and in the chapel, displayed from the galleries, are hundreds of faded and tattered battle-flags from the fields on which Napoleon won his fame. The most coveted honor in France is to be governor of the Hotel des Invalides. The position is practically a sinecure, with little salary attached, but it is enough that he who holds this office is the custodian of Napoleon's tomb and the tombs of his great marshalls. Thus

everywhere one sees proof of the homage still paid to the memory of the man who by his marvelous genius both for war and statesmanship set France for a brief moment chief among the nations. Doubtless France would hail his rising from the dead, would respond with the enthusiasm of other days to the call of his bugles to battle. It shows the savage only slightly dormant in civilized man that no glory is so adored by him as military glory. But France is worshipping a dead divinity. Her military glory is a thing of the past. For that matter her future gives promise of little glory of any kind. Some while ago, I heard Miss D'Aubigne, daughter of the great historian of the Reformation, say in a public address, that 36,000,000 of France's present population hated God and the Church, and would suffer no text-book to be used in the State schools that had in it the name of God. It will belie all past history if a nation can long flourish without religion. Spain crushed the evangelical doctrines that had begun to take root in her borders in the Sixteenth century; and her political decline dates from that hour. France came near inflicting upon herself the same irreparable injury by her relentless persecution of the Huguenots; and while her decline has not been so rapid and marked as that of Spain, she has slowly and steadily lost ground. Unless God graciously interposes, and kindles again the dying embers of her religious faith and devotion, there is every reason to believe that France in the not distant future will join the ranks of the decadent nations.

I spent only three days in Paris and of course saw but a tithe of the many objects that solicit one's attention. I took time to stand for a few moments in front of the Palace of the Louvre, and look across the street at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the church from the belfry of which sounded out the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew in the early morning hour of August 24, 1572. What a scene of horror was inaugurated by that signal! In a little while all Paris was filled with the rattle of musketry, the clang of swords, and the agonizing screams of women and children as the brutal soldiery overwhelmed all ages and sexes in one common orgy of blood and death. Day after day for one whole week, the harrowing, heart-rending scenes were renewed. On that fateful morning, not far from where I stood, Charles IX was standing, who ordered the signal to be rung, and who from a window of the palace fired at the fleeing fugitives. Two years

later he lay on his dying bed in an agony of despair, haunted by the faces of the slaughtered Huguenots, while his faithful nurse, herself a Huguenot, tried in vain to impart some comfort to the guilty king's affrighted soul.

It is easy in Paris to find places to which a melancholy interest attaches by reason of their association with historic tragedies. One of the most beautiful squares in the world is the Place de la Concorde. This name which it wears has a most pleasing sound to the ear. But in the middle of this square, where the Obelisk of Luxor now stands, once stood the guillotine. To one who has read the story of the French Revolution, the mention of the guillotine brings to mind a long train of judicial murders, the most atrocious that were ever perpetrated. In the course of seven years, three thousand heads fell under the stroke of that cruel knife, victims of brutish, insensate rage. Among the victims were the King, Louis XVI, and his wife, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, both of whom, while not altogether without blame, were more sinned against than sinning. One of the most pathetic deaths in that wild carnival of murder was that of Charlotte Corday, who calmly and deliberately immolated herself on the altar of her country by taking the life of the infamous Murat. It was not personal malice that nerved her hand to wield the assassin's knife, and if ever any one was justified in avenging public wrongs by private means, Charlotte Corday was. She deserves a statue by the side of Joan of Arc.

Continuing in the track of the tragedies of the Revolution, I went from the Place de la Concorde to the Concergerie, the State prison where most of the victims were confined before passing to the guillotine. On the way I noted the Place of the Bastile, the site of the prison of odious memory. On the 14th of July, 1789, the prison was assaulted and destroyed by a mob, the governor, with his little handful of soldiers, being massacred. This spot has been the scene of other tragedies, notably in the Revolution of 1830, and in the troublous times of 1848, and later still in 1871. A lofty column has been erected here, surmounted by a bronze Genius of Liberty, holding in one hand the torch of civilization, and in the other the broken chains of slavery. Surely whatever of civilization and liberty France enjoys have come to her through such spasms of anarchy and crime as no other country can parallel.

The center of interest in the Concergerie is the little room, about eight by ten feet, bounded by thick stone walls, with one small window opening into a closed court, in which the unhappy Marie Antoinette spent the few desolate weeks of her widowhood before her neck was placed under the keen edged knife that had ended the life of her husband. Inured in this doleful dungeon, she was not permitted to know the fate of her children; nor was she allowed one moment's privacy. Behind a low screen in a passage opening into one side of her room, a gendarme stood day and night with his eye ever on her. A painting on the wall represents her in the attitude of receiving the sacrament from her father confessor. I passed from the cell of Marie Antoinette into an adjoining room of about the same dimensions, in which, shortly after her death, the once all-powerful Robespierre was confined to wait his turn at the guillotine. I had no tear to shed while thinkng of his richly merited fate. But enough of these horrors!

As a matter of course, I went to the Louvre Museum. There I saw pictures by Leonardo, Corregio, Raphael, Titian, Murrillo, Holbein, Jordeans, Rubens, Van Dyck, John Smith, Tom Jones. David Crockett, and all the rest, until I was on the eve of utter prostration. The most vivid impression that I carried away and the one destined to be most lasting was that of fatigue. O, I was so tired. I would sit down and rest awhile, and then get up and struggle on, only to grow more and more tired. Why did I persecute myself after this fashion? For two reasons: One was that I had been told by inconsiderate friends that I must see such and such pictures, and I was afraid to disobey; the other, and by far the more constraining reason was that, as usual, I was dependent on Dr. Wells to show me the way back to our boarding house, and Dr. Wells sticks to a picture gallery like a cuckle-burr to a sheep's fleece. It is hardly worth while to pull him away from one, for before you have fairly recovered your wasted energies, he is off on the hunt of another. It passes my comprehension why people should care particularly to see the pictures of things when they can see the originals. Give me a genuine sunset, or a first-hand view of a landscape, and why should I care to look at a poor little copy of it painted on a canvass? There are some pictures which possess a rational interest. For instance, in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, I saw portraits of William the

Silent and his illustrious sons, Henry and Maurice. I saw there also a fine picture of William III, Prince of Orange and King of England; and pictures of Frederick V and his wife, Elizabeth, whose sad history has so often moved my pity. I looked with much interest on these pictures, because they were shadows of those whom I had come to know, but whose faces I could never see. I would go a reasonable distance—say two or three hundred yards—out of my way to look on such pictures. But I do not propose to waste much of my little remaining strength in walking down long halls and into numberless side rooms to look on the works of either the old masters or the young masters—I acknowledge them no longer as my masters. I know their works display great genius, and I am perfectly willing to accord them great genius, but I can do it just as well, and with much less physical discomfort without seeing their pictures.

Paris is justly famed for the magnificance of its buildings, the breadth and beauty of its main thoroughfares, the number and attractiveness of its parks, its many interesting and costly monuments, its venerable and imposing churches, its splendid palaces and gardens, its fine stores and elegant show-windows, its Eiffel Tower and its cheap gloves. These last are not among the least charms that make Paris dear to the female heart. One thing more needs to be said—the French are not only proverbial for politeness, but they deserve the reputation. I ought to know, for I put many of them to the test. As a rule they could not understand my English any better than I could their French, but they never grew impatient trying to interpret my sign language, and when once they caught my idea, they invariably showed a manifest pleasure in rendering service. Politeness may be one of the minor virtues, but it acts like lubricating oil on the social machinery, preventing friction and making the gearing work smoothly.

A striking instance of politeness occurred in connection with my visit to Pere la Chaise. "All the world loves a lover." This accounts for a long journey across the better part of the city to look on the grave of Abelard and Heloise. Their grave was diagonally across the cemetery from the corner where I entered. I wrote their names on a card and showed that to an occasional stroller among the tombs. They could direct me only by pointing. I was about to despair of the object of my search when I met a

fashionably dressed and elegant looking lady, accompanied by two handsome boys, the larger of whom was nearly grown. I showed the card to one of the boys. His face brightened; he showed it to his mother; all three at once showed lively interest. Knowing the difficulty of directing me aright by merely making signs, they turned back and guided me till in sight of the spot, and they did it with as much evident interest as if Abelard and Heloise had been kin to them, and they were grateful to me for showing respect to deceased members of their family. I recognized the tomb of Abelard and Heloise by the pictures which had made it familiar to me. Whether their dust reposes in that tomb is a question touching which there is much doubt. It does not matter, however, as their effigies are carved on the slab that covers the tomb, and you could not see the dust even if you knew it was there, and if you did see you could not tell it from any other dust.

Back in London

SIGHT-SEEING in a motor-bus, under the direction of an experienced guide, sounds inviting. You are excusable for trying it once. I could not resist the attraction of such a tour to Stoke Poges, Windsor Castle and Hampton Court. There was a multitude of unsophisticated people who yielded to the same attraction on the same day. Consequently we had two motor-driven, double-decker omnibuses packed and jammed, upstairs and downstairs. Two objects are supreme with the managers, to carry as many passengers as they can, and to get there and back as quickly as they can. Our tour included a sweep of about fifty miles. Promptly we started at 9:00 o'clock. The roads were good, the country beautiful, the day fine; so we could not be cheated out of some little pleasure. The two busses seemed to be racing to see which could reach Stoke Poges first. We were detained there long enough for our experienced guide to show us the yew tree under which the poet, Thomas Gray, wrote his "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," and to point to a distant house in which he said William Penn was born. William Penn was also born "at his father's house on the East Side of Tower Hill, up a court adjoining the City wall." A lady assistant hurriedly called our attention to a grave which she said was the "last resting place of William Penn, who wrote a tomb on the grave of his mother's elegy." This was not perfectly clear to some of the party, even Dr. Wells, usually so quick of apprehension, seemed slightly puzzled; but there was no time for explanations. We were off in a twinkle for Windsor Castle. From the glimpse I caught of this, I should say it is one of the finest spots in England, a castle and palace combined. Founded by William the Conqueror, it has been added to, embellished, and used by the royal family ever since when they wish to indulge in a little extra grandeur. I have a dreamy recollection of passing through miles of richly ornamented apartments, and other miles of picture galleries. We stopped long enough in St. George's Chapel, which is in the Castle enclosure, to walk over the slab under which Henry VIII lies buried. I was at no pains to wipe the mud off my shoes before doing so. There is a strange mixture in that

grave. It contains in addition to Henry VIII, his wife, Jane Seymour, Charles I, and the infant son of Queen Anne. Why these should have been grouped together in death is a curious question. Had I been appointed to arrange the program of a royal burial, I should have arranged it differently. I would have put Henry VIII off to himself—he was hardly fit company for other people, especially was he not fit company for ladies. Then, I would have put the good little king, Edward VI, in this grave with his good mother, Jane Seymour. I would have found other quarters for Charles I, and as for the infant son of Queen Anne, I could certainly have found room for one more by the side of the other eighteen infant children of Queen Anne sleeping together in the South Aisle of Westminster Abbey. I had no time for such suggestions on the spot. Just a swift glance here and there, and away we went, "with a rush and a roar and a rattle" to Hampton Court, the gift of Cardinal Wolsey to Henry VIII. It contains one thousand apartments. Fortunately we were not admitted to many of these. As it was, we were swept through thirty-five royal apartments, ante chambers, audience chambers, presence chambers, guard chambers, bed chambers and all other chambers that are necessary for the comfort and convenience of kings and queens, and then through thirty-five miles of picture galleries, more or less, and all in just thirty-five minutes. Will I take another tour under the direction of an experienced guide? No, I will sooner save my money and go to a moving picture show.

When one gets to church late, and, tortured with the toothache, stands at the door waiting for the prayer to close, the time passes slowly. I learned this from experience last Sunday morning. I went to hear John McNeil, the famous Scotch preacher, who is vacation supply at Highbury Quadrant Church. This church was a long way from our boarding house; and our efficient chaperon, Dr. Wells, miscalculated the difficulties of the journey, and so we were about ten or fifteen minutes late, and reached the door just as Mr. McNeil was fairly entering on the exercise of the long prayer. It was a very appropriate penalty which we were forced to suffer. When the door was opened, the polite usher showed us to a comfortable seat far up toward the pulpit. Mr. McNeil read the 12th chapter of I Chronicles, and commented in extenso. Dear reader, if you will turn to that chapter, you will find it consists almost entirely of hard, unpronounceable names,

and you will wonder what he commented on. You will need no further proof to convince you that John McNeil is a rare genius, if you will only believe me when I assure you that he not merely commented, but that his comments were so rich and racy, so wise and witty, so pertinent, pithy and practical, as to make me forget my toothache. His text was the 22nd verse of this chapter: "For at that time day by day there came to David to help him, until it was a great host like the host of God." The sermon was just such as he had prepared us to expect. For fifty minutes, he gave us a mixture of humor and pathos, of pungent reproof and tender appeal, of homely anecdote and forceful eloquence. Through it all there was ever manifest the dominant purpose to capture both conscience and heart for Christ. It would have been almost a sin not to smile at some of his happy thrusts, and altogether a sin not to feel moved at some of his tender touches. He had a word for the different classes, admonishing the old not to grow pessimistic and sigh for the good old days that were not so good as the present days, and warning the lads and lasses against the sins of self-conceit and vanity, suggesting that these sins would only make them commonplace, whereas if they wished to be peculiar and distinguished they must be meek and lowly of heart. In appearance, John McNeil is large and well proportioned, strong enough to exemplify muscular Christianity; he wears a full beard, somewhat unkempt; his air is that of one who is rather careless as to dress and manner. In preaching he is free and vigorous in action, often assuming attitudes that are the opposite of grave and dignified.

In the evening, I went to the City Temple to hear Rev. R. J. Campbell. I mention this with a degree of trepidation. My faithful monitor, Dr. Wells, did not by precept forbid my going, but he did by example. He said he "would not eat tainted meat when he could get good." There was no gainsaying the wisdom of this maxim; but I parried as best I could by suggesting that a man was not bound to eat all that was dished out to him; and that as guardians of the pure-food law, it was our duty to inspect where there was suspicion. Each went his own way. Dr. Wells heard a sermon from Rev. B. F. Meyer, which, it is to be hoped made a better man of him. At any rate, he has been very good all this week, except once when he laughed irreverently at my peril when I was in imminent danger of being run over in the

street by a disreputable descendant of that long-eared beast on which Balaam rode.

I did not hear Rev. R. J. Campbell. His church was closed, though the papers had advertised he would preach. Not knowing where to find a church to my taste at that late hour, I dropped into St. Andrews' Parish Church, which adjoins the City Temple. The service was intoned. I do not like intoning, and I seriously question whether the Lord does. I can't conceive any reason why He should, it is unnatural, unmusical, unintelligible, and utterly inexcusable. Living far back in the country in my boyhood days, I frequently heard hard-shelled Baptist preachers intoning. We called it "sing-song," but it was unquestionably intoning, and though attributed to their crass ignorance, it was rather a better article of intoning, in my judgment, than the article I heard in St. Andrew's Parish Church.

It goes without saying that I have been through Westminster Abbey. To visit London and not see Westminster Abbey would be like visiting Washington and not seeing the Capitol, or Niagara and not seeing the Falls. Whatever the rest of the world may think, it is my thought that it is in the highest degree incongruous, to put it no stronger, to convert the house of God into a graveyard, to make of it a "whited sepulchre." There may be nothing amiss under peculiar circumstances to place the remains of a saintly pastor in a vault connected with the church which has been long associated with his useful labors. But Westminster Abbey is crowded, some of the aisles partly obstructed, by monuments, statues, wax effigies, busts and tablets, bearing their obtrusive testimony to the presence of the dead, and imparting to the sanctuary the character of a charnel-house. It would not impress one so unfavorably if discrimination had been exercised, and such sacred sepulchre had been given exclusively to persons conspicuous in their lifetime for piety. But no such discrimination has been shown. The good and the bad, those who feared God and those who feared Him not, have been honored alike. The heroic missionary, and the avowed infidel; the famous philanthropist and the famous profligate, sleep side by side. More than one king is resting in that venerable mausoleum as near neighbor to his illegitimate offspring. Except for the accident of royalty, such a thing would be regarded as the public proclamaton, and the eternal perpetuation of his shame. I choose to regard it in

this light despite the accident of royalty. Furthermore, I take the liberty of saying that unless my moral sense is at fault this great sanctuary, solemnly given to Almighty God, and avowedly dedicated to His worship, is profaned by thus devoting it to the purpose of honoring those who, in the face of the world, by their dissolute lives dishonored Him. All that needs to be said about the illustrious dead whose ashes draw an endless throng of pilgrims to this shrine, has been said by others. No doubt there has been gathered in this spot a greater number of those who by the eminence of their position or by the eminence of their achievements have written their names in imperishable letters on the page of history than can be found in any other spot on earth.

I have also paid a visit to Bunhill Cemetery, which is called the "Westminster Abbey of the Dissenting Churches." It differs much from the other; it is out under the open sky; it enshrines the dust of no earthly monarchs; and can boast of no costly monuments. But I threaded my way through its humble graves with more reverent feelings than I experienced while jostling the mob of sight-seers in the crowded aisles of the great Abbey. Here one reads the name of John Bunyan; a little further on, the name of John Owen arrests the eye; across the way lies Isaac Watts. Very meagre are the monuments above their dust, but such names would impart a deathless interest to the plainest tombs.

In this Bunhill Cemetery, I was surprised to see a monolith inscribed with the name of Susannah Wesley. She is worthy of a place here, and if I deemed it any greater honor, I would say that she is worthy of a tablet by the side of that in Westminster Abbey which bears the names of her illustrious sons, John and Charles. Half the immense debt which the world owes to Methodism is due to this elect lady. She was one of the greatest mothers of history. Another monolith in this cemetery tells us that Daniel Defoe lies buried beneath it; and further, that this, the most conspicuous monument perhaps in the cemetery, was erected by the youthful admirers of Robinson Crusoe.

Across the street from Bunhill is City Road Chapel, the house in which John Wesley lived, and a monument surmounted by his statue. Free access is given to the house. I entered his study, sat in his study chair, visited his bed-room, in which he died, and was shown through the Chapel by a vigorous old lady who is a fine type of the zealous Wesleyan. She discourses eloquently on

all the objects connected with the great Wesley. I asked her who was the present pastor of this historic chapel. She said: "Rev. Dinsdale Young is pastor now, and I tell you, you ought to hear him. He is just fine; he is the most populous minister in the city." I thought of Mrs. Partington, who said, she did "like to go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the gospel." John Wesley's grave is just behind the Chapel; and by it is the tomb of Adam Clarke, the great commentator. Near at hand sleeps Richard Watson, the ablest expounder of Arminianism that the Methodist Church can boast. Jabez Bunting, another splendid luminary of Methodism, is also buried in the same plot of ground. Somewhere I have seen it related that at his funeral the preacher in a burst of fulsome eulogy exclaimed: "When Jabez Bunting died the sun of Methodism set." Some one in the back part of the audience cried out, "Thank God, that's a lie." This was a pretty hard name by which to call it, but time has abundantly shown that it was a considerable lie.

Still in London

TO one at all acquainted with the sad side of English history, there is no more interesting object in London than the "Tower," touching which Macaulay says, "In truth, there is no sadder spot on earth than this." The "Tower," however, is not a tower, but a number of towers —St. Thomas' Tower, Wakefield Tower, the Bloody Tower, the White Tower, Beauchamp Tower, and many other towers of less importance. Furthermore, these are not towers, as we think of towers, but buildings of various shapes and dimensions. They have served the three-fold purpose of fortress, palace and prison. Including the surrounding walls and moat, they cover an area of eighteen acres. The White Tower, which is the oldest and the largest, was erected by William the Conqueror for the double purpose of defending the city and of holding it in subjection. This building is a little over one hundred feet square, and three stories high. From the days of William the Conqueror to the later years of the Stuart dynasty, a fortress was often the most comfortable place for the royal family, consequently many of the Plantagenet and Tudor Kings found in the Tower their favorite dwelling place. In more modern times, since the Kings of England have resigned their power into the hands of the people, and the people have in consequence permitted them to live in peace, the only use that royalty makes of the Tower is to store the crown jewels in one of its strongholds. Being no longer needed either for fortress or prison, a part of the Tower is now used for military purposes, and the rest for museum and general show house. Visitors enter by way of the White Tower, and the entrance to this is by a winding stairway let into the thick wall. On one side of this stairway is a brass tablet indicating the spot underneath which the supposed bones of the little princes, Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, were found. Be it remembered that these tender children were murdered in 1483, at the instigation of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. These bones received a royal burial in Westminster Abbey by order of Charles II. In the second story of the White Tower are the state apartments, the armory, and St. John's Chapel, noted as a beautiful specimen of

Norman architecture. In the armory may be seen all the styles of arms and armor from the earliest periods of English history to the present. The most interesting feature of the exhibit is the series of figures on horseback, horses and horsemen being covered with steel plates, thus like terrapins carrying their fortress on their backs. They were splendidly equipped for defensive warfare before the invention of big guns; but if by chance the rider was unhorsed, he was in rather a helpless predicament with his body and limbs encased in a hundred pounds of stiff unyielding metal. All his enemy needed was a sledge hammer to batter in his head piece.

The one spot that awakens the liveliest emotions is an open space just north of the White Tower. A brass plate is let into the pavement, on which we read that here stood the scaffold where many an illustrious prisoner forfeited his life either to justice, or to the suspicion, or forsooth to the malice, of royal despotism. The names of a few of the most illustrous are inscribed on this tablet, among them the names of Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard and Lady Jane Grey. Could anything more impressively illustrate the strange and sad vicissitudes of fortune than the fate of these three young women! Each of them bore for a brief moment the proud title of queen, wore the glittering robes of royalty, and received the flattering homage of powerful courtiers; then each of them went her doleful way to the gloomy dungeon, and from there to this scaffold to have her fair young head severed from her body. Two of these were wives of Henry VIII, executed only six years apart, and yet between these executions that unspeakable old Bluebeard had married and buried Jane Seymour. Of the three, the name of Lady Jane moves us the deepest. Beautiful in person, cultured in mind, and adorned in character with all the sweet virtues of genuine piety, she richly deserved the title of Lady. She had no desire to wear a crown, and it was with tearful reluctance that she yielded her tender young life to the will of those whom she had not power to resist. Through no fault of her's she was forced to pay the penalty of constructive treason. In the National Gallery I saw a life-sized picture of Lady Jane kneeling on the scaffold; her arms, smooth and fair as a child's, were bare to the elbows; her eyes were closely bandaged, and she was groping around with her helpless hands for the block in the foreground on which she was to lay her neck to receive the fatal stroke.

Immediately behind and bending over her was a minister of religion speaking in her ear words of comfort and courage; a female attendant was turning away convulsed with grief; while to the left, a little removed, stood the stern-visaged executioner dressed in red, the broad-bladed, keen-edged axe standing by his side, his right hand resting on the handle. This is a picture of one of the saddest tragedies in all the history of the human family.

The Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula stands near by, in which were buried the illustrous persons who perished on the scaffold at this spot, and many others who were executed on Tower Hill, just outside the wall, as for instance Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Thomas Wentworth and Archbishop Laud. I was not permitted to enter this chapel; nor did we have the privilege of entering the prison of Walter Raleigh, nor the dungeon of Guy Fawkes, both of which are in the White Tower. Visitors can enter these places only by securing special permission. This is unusual; a six pence can generally do the work and where this fails a shilling is irresistible. If there is anything on this side of the Atlantic which a shilling will not uncover to the eyes of the curious, it must be for the reason that it would cost more than a shilling to cover it up again.

This old fortress palace is not the only palace in London that keeps alive the memory of historic tragedies. Here is Whitehall, where the royal court was held from the reign of Henry VIII to that of William III. Two of England's most disreputable kings died in this palace, Henry VIII and Charles II, and here also died the mightiest ruler of them all, the great, uncrowned Oliver. The large Banqueting Hall is the only part of the original palace now remaining. It constitutes a section of the Royal United Service Museum, and contains a large number of national trophies and mementoes, ranging from a Saxon shield to the skeleton of Napoleon's famous charger, Marengo. To me the most interesting trophy was the United States flag which was captured in the war of 1812, when the Chesapeake struck her colors, on the death of her captain, the gallant Lawrence, whose last command was, "Never give up the ship." In my travels I have seen hundreds of captured flags, representing many nations, but this is the only one that ever proclaimed to the world the sovereignty of the United States. It was not a pleasant sight to see "Old Glory" in captivity. Before it was placed on public exhibition, it was

offered for sale. William Waldorf Astor bought it for a few paltry pounds; and everybody supposed his object was to send it home, and thus cover up whatever possible dishonor might attach to its capture. Instead of doing so, this unmitigated toady, this boot-licker of royalty, presented it to the Museum that it might bear perpetual testimony to the victory of an English ship over an American. It was gratifying to learn from the old soldier in charge of the Museum that while Mr. Astor did not lose the respect of the English by this bit of asininity, for the sufficient reason that he did not possess any of their respect to lose, yet he did remove himself several degrees further from the possibility of winning his way into their regard.

The second window from the entrance of this Banqueting Hall looks no different from the other windows, but it has a melancholy interest all its own. From that window, on January 30, 1649, stepped out on the scaffold, where he was beheaded, Charles I. What a marvellous sight was that, a king beheaded for the crime of high treason against the State! And that in an age when the theory was that kings ruled by divine right, and that the king could do no wrong. Across the channel that king had just come to the throne who said, "I am the State," and there was no one to contradict his boast. If any one, in that age, was to be punished for what the king did, it must be some one, or more of his advisers. Yet on the 30th of January, 1649, a king was executed for crimes with which he himself had been charged and for which he had been convicted in a court of justice. Mind you, he was tried before a court created for the purpose, and created by whom? By the representatives of the people, in Parliament assembled. And this in England, only a brief hundred years after the death of Henry VIII, who had but to signify his will, and Parliament would burn Protestants for denying the King's creed, and behead Catholics for denying the King's supremacy, who had but to wink one eye and the representatives of the people would put their submissive necks under his despotic old heel. But I am standing before a window, through which King Charles passed to pay the forfeit of his life for sinning against the people. A great thing had happened since Henry VIII played the tyrant, and that thing was the rise and development of the Puritan party, a party who feared God a great deal more than they feared the king. Another thing had happened, the rise and development of

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Oliver Cromwell, who embodied the principles and spirit of the Puritan party and who wielded its power. What befell Charles I. on January 30, 1649, was the climax of Cromwell's achievements in behalf of human liberty. His career was soon over, he died and was buried. By and by, they dug up his body and cut off his head, but that did not put the head of Charles back, nor did it restore the kings who came after him to their old jus divinum position. The "divinity that doth hedge about a king" was broken down, never more to be repaired. Charles I was a small price to pay for such a boon.

Speaking of Charles I reminds me: Not to seem peculiar, I had to go to Stratford-on-Avon, and look at a lot of rubbish and imagine that it had some remote connection with Shakespeare. I was getting through the job with a fair degree of comfort, being especially pleased with the beautiful Avon, in which no doubt the poet when he was little Willie had spent a good portion of the summer days, when I came upon a window in the church in which Shakespeare is buried. This window is called the "American Window." One would naturally suppose that it was put there simply as a token of the esteem in which all Americans hold the immortal bard. But as one looks at the pictures and inscriptions on the window he finds that such was not the case. One picture is that of Charles I, and is labeled "Charles, the Martyr." Under it is a picture inscribed, "The Martyrdom of Archbishop Laud." To the right is a picture representing the "Consecration of Samuel Seabury, First Bishop of Connecticut." Obviously this window was put there, not to testify anybody's respect for Shakespeare—it makes no reference, contains no suggestion of any kind to this end—it was put there by some High Church bigots, to outrage Puritan sentiment, and to insult the intelligence of even well-informed school children. It might with equal propriety, or rather impropriety, have been used to disfigure any other building in the British Isles. This church was doubtless suggested for the reason that it would convey its insult to a greater number of people by being placed near this popular shrine.

My last Sunday in London, I worshipped in the morning in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the church in which Spurgeon, the "Prime Minister of England," and of the world, preached for many years. I could not but feel a painful regret that he was not there to occupy his old pulpit. Nevertheless, the service was

not without its very special interest. The present pastor is Rev. Archibald Brown. He is sixty-seven years old, and was called to this pulpit only three or four years ago—which would indicate that the dead-line does not bar out ministers from this congregation at a very early age. You have never heard of Rev. Archibald Brown, and this means that he is not a great pulpit celebrity, and accentuates the fact that the dead-line is not a very formidable barrier here. Mr. Brown is earnest, simple in his style, absolutely free from all clap-trap, from all mannerisms, from all striving after novelties, or striking effects. He is conservatively orthodox and evangelical to the back-bone. His text was, "Every morning." He quoted this from several books of the Bible, and explained its significance in its several connections—his object being to show how we should begin each day. He pressed home with great force the primary, the fundamental demands of religion. Especially did he stress the duty of a fresh approach "every morning" to the "throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need," insisting also that in every approach to the throne of grace, we should plead afresh the merits of Christ's atoning blood. In doctrine, in directness, in simplicity, in earnestness, it was such a sermon as Spurgeon would have preached. The splendid gifts of oratory were lacking, and those flashes of genius which gave Spurgeon his position of solitary eminence. I greatly enjoyed the sermon, but enjoyed more seeing the great throng that came to listen to that kind of preaching. It was by far the largest congregation of worshippers that I have seen in London. I asked an old lady if it was unusually large, and she said no, that on the contrary, owing to summer absences, it was considerably below normal size. Do we not see in this a clear testimony to the permanence of Spurgeon's work? When Talmage stopped preaching, his congregations went to pieces—it was held together by the peculiar genius of the preacher. When Spurgeon died, he left behind a congregation trained to delight in a clear and practical exposition of the Scriptures. Hence they can be held together by any one who can furnish this essential service.

In the evening we went to the City Temple to hear Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus. This was the second time I had heard him; the other time was in his own city of Chicago. Both times he proved a disappointment, whether through his fault or mine, I cannot say.

A Postscript

I GOT enough sooner than I had expected, and swapped my return ticket on the Merion of the American Line for a passage on the Arabic of the White Star Line which was booked to sail a few days earlier. The Arabic is a larger and faster vessel, and consequently more costly. My return ticket was exactly equivalent to a second class ticket on the Arabic, and being assured by the knowing ones that second class was in all essentials as good as first class, I chose the cheaper. Whether the knowing ones were right depends on what is meant by "essentials." One traveling second class has good fare, good berth and plenty of room, and so has all that is essential to physical comfort. But a line is drawn amidship, and he cannot go beyond that toward the prow of the vessel. There is now a special reason why he wishes to go to the prow of the vessel, and that is the fact that he is forbidden to go; he resents this restriction on his liberty. Then he sees daily a number of his fellow-men and fellow-women, no better by nature and perhaps no better by practice, enjoying a freedom denied to him. They cross over the line at will, and have access to every part of the vessel. To one who has been reared under the democratic doctrine that "one man is just as good as another or perhaps a little better," this difference of privilege is somewhat galling. When the medical inspector comes aboard, the first-class passengers receive first attention; when port is reached, they are landed first; and thus in many ways, involving no physical discomfort, the second class passenger is given to understand that he is distinctly second class. As Mr. Lincoln would say, "If one likes that sort of thing, why that is just the sort of thing he likes," but as Patrick Henry would say, "As for me, give me liberty or give me death."

The return trip lacks something of the freshness and novelty of the first trip across. By this time the traveler is blase, shuffle board, ring pitching, and such like sports, in which he formerly indulged with some zest, now seem tame, fit only to amuse children. Chess never loses its fascination for those who are skilled in it, but I knew only enough to lose every game to Dr. Wells, and so the fun was all on one side. The mixed variety of pas-

sengers usually affords some resource. We had several types that were more or less interesting. Two negro preachers, one from Arkansas and the other from Alabama, were worth interviewing. They had been to Palestine, and had laid in a good stock of first-hand information on several matters pertaining to Biblical antiquities. One of them was delightfully loquacious and gave me the benefit of much of their experience. At Jericho they had seen the remnants of the wall that had fallen down at the blasts of the ram's horns when the priests marched around the city bearing the ark, in the days of Joshua. They told me exactly how it looks as the bricks that toppled over now lie by the side of the lower courses left standing. At Bethany they had seen the grave from which our Saviour called Lazarus after he had been dead four days. "There is no doubt," said the spokesman, "that it is the same identical grave, for it was cut out of a solid rock, and you know rock never changes—it is just exactly now as it was when Lazarus came forth." They grew very tender of sentiment as they told me of their visit to Nazareth. There they had seen the "Fountain of Mary," where the mother of our Lord, nineteen hundred years ago, came daily accompanied by the child Jesus to draw water. "Women come today," they said, "with their children just as Mary did then; and they are all pure and beautiful and gentle like Mary. There seems to be a peculiar atmosphere of holiness over the whole place. We noticed a difference even in the men of Nazareth—these seemed to be more quiet and peaceful and pure than other men. It is unmistakable that the influence of Mary and Jesus abides to this day, on all classes. We both noticed it and were impressed by it." I thought of the rich treat in store for their congregations when they get back home. They will have no doubtful stories to tell about sacred scenes and holy places. Everywhere they saw the genuine article and know whereof they affirm. The greedy fakirs, who annoy other travelers by their insistent efforts to palm off modern substitutions for realities that passed away long centuries ago, seem not to have bothered them. What they saw, they saw with their own eyes, and then their feelings came to the aid of their eyes and made assurance doubly sure. One gets the worth of his money when he goes to Palestine in such a sweet spirit of child-like trust. It is somewhat like fishing, which is a very successful sport if one believes all that he hears.

This reminds me that Dr. Wells and I made a point of observing fishermen. We had abundant opportunity, for it seems to be a favorite way to pass the time in all the countries we visited. We saw them fishing in the lakes of Ireland, in the lochs of Scotland, in the canals of Holland, in the Rhine of Germany, in the lakes of Switzerland, in the Seine at Paris, in the Thames at London. We watched them from our car window, from the decks of vessels and frequently we loitered in our walks along the banks of streams and watched them. Thus our observations extended over hundreds of miles, in several different countries, and different bodies of water. Note the result—we not only did not see them catch a single fish, but we did not see them get a bite. While strolling along the banks of the Seine, a man passed us with fishing tackle in his hand, and a basket of fish on his arm. No doubt, he meant us to understand that he had made a fine catch, but we recalled that we had passed a fish market only a few hundred yards back in the direction from which he came, and so he could not come that old trick on us. I know that fish are sometimes caught with hook and line, for I have caught them and have seen others catch them, but most of the luck in this kind of fishing happens when I am not there. The day I go, the water is not just right, or the wind sets from the wrong quarter. This is not saying that all fishermen are like the one of whom I recently read. It was out West; the game warden met a man carrying the evidences that he had been fishing. "What success?" asked the warden. "The finest you ever saw," was the reply, "caught one hundred and fifty trout in the last two days, some of them weighing from ten to twelve pounds." "Do you know who I am?" was the next question; "I am the game warden of this district." "Do you know who I am?" said the fisherman, "I am the biggest liar in all this country."

It was ten o'clock Sunday night when the Arabic touched the pier in North River. The second class passengers huddled together and fretted and fumed while they were kept waiting until the first class people were properly attended to. Then we walked the gang-plank into the Custom House, where every man had to give an account of the things locked up in his trunk. I was particularly fortunate in that I did not have much baggage and the Custom House Officer judged from my looks and from my traveling second class that I did not have my pockets stuffed with

diamonds. So he let me off with little trouble. Dr. Wells was not so fortunate. He had lavished money on presents for his friends, and it was discovered that he had been more generous than the law allowed. The mistake occurred by his assuming that his son John, fourteen years old, was an American citizen, and had the same right as a full grown man to bring in a certain amount of foreign purchase free of duty. He paid the government something for teaching him differently, and quitted the Custom House a sadder and wiser man.

It only remains to add that Dr. John M. Wells, of Wilmington, N. C., and his son, John M. Wells, Jr., have been my constant traveling companions, and I owe to them much of the pleasure, and not a little of the profit of a trip that has not been marred by a single mishap. Dr. Wells has made an invaluable guide and chaperon. He saved me weary hours of planning routes, and studying time-tables, and selecting at different points the local objects most worth our while. In addition he has kept me out of possible mischief by discouraging all adventures into the unknown and doubtful. The nearest we came to worldly conformity, or frivolous dissipation, was a ride on the scenic railway at Luna Park, Paris.. With Dr. Well's permission, John and I repeated this mild type of dissipation in the British-Japan Exposition in London. With this slight exception, we behaved ourselves throughout the whole trip with a dignity and gravity becoming American citizens, on whom devolves the duty of maintaining the honor of their country among foreigners.

I should also mention that Dr. Wells furnished his full share of indignation when occasion called for it, as for example, in respect to that "American window" in Shakespeare's church. It was a great relief to have some one share the burden on such an occasion. But it is becoming more and more evident that if I keep on, I shall never stop. So let this suffice.